TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 3, No. 12 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietor. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, FEBRUARY 15, 1890. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 116

Around Town.

I have often wished—and perhaps I may have previously given expression to it—that I could have the machinery which operates any human mind, the will and the passions, in my hand like the works of a watch, that, like Helen's babies, I might see the "weels go wound" and know how similar another mind is to the alleged one to which I have partial access, how the impulses differ and how the will regulates others as it often fails to regulate me. If one could study such machinery even for half an hour the points of similarity and difference would furnish a standard by which we could judge mankind with almost infallible accuracy in all the larger details of life. As it is we may observe with greatest care the action of our fellow beings, weigh all the indications, take into consideration surroundings and circumstances and apply all the rules with which we are familiar, yet in summing up we are confronted by the fear that other minds may be so differently constituted to our own, and other wills may be so much stronger or weaker, or the passions of others more intense or perhaps absent, that in judging one is really left with the sensation of supreme egotism as, after all, one must judge other people by one's self. The judge on the bench who daily listens to evidence becomes at the same time a cynic and an excellent judge of human nature. All those who have numerous transactions with the passing throng obtain a wonderful insight into the nature and methods of the people they meet. The stories we read are often so life-like that we involuntarily exclaim, "That man must be writing about himself." We imagine that he could not so thoroughly comprehend the nature and impulses of others as his writing suggests, therefore we imagine he must be speaking of himself and relating his own experience. All these things prove that after all people are not so very different, that we have been created so nearly alike that by the exercise of care and study we may judge of others with very fair results, always remembering that great mistakes will occur which, after all, are nothing more than the exceptions proving the rule. It must be remembered, however, that time and study and a knowledge of the world and its ways are all required, and those who attempt to read human nature without these things must rely on a special gift or expect to make frequent and painful blunders.

***

There is known to me but one class possessing opportunities for the study of human nature superior to all others. That class is the Roman Catholic priesthood. Auricular confession places the priest in that close relation to his fellow being which makes it possible for him to feel certain of the information he receives and of the spirit, the mood, even the physical condition of those who give it. The sanctity of the place, the nature of his holy office, the fear and trembling with which the penitent approaches, the wide opening of the heart as before the eye of one's Maker, the feeling that the confidences of the confessional will not be violated, the anxiety to tell not only the truth but the whole truth that the pardon granted may be unlimited, all tend to such a complete unfolding of the most secret recesses of the heart, that the priest really has within his hand the machinery of the soul and can see its operation, where it is impelled by the passions, restrained by fear, and moved by love and hate. For this reason I have always considered the Roman Catholic priesthood the best informed men living, with regard to the material of which men are made. Much of the discipline of the church, obnoxious to the more cultivated and independent minds, has explained itself to me in the light of the knowledge possessed by those who formulated it. We can easily understand that possessing such complete insight into human nature they have adapted the machinery of their church to suit mankind as it is, rather than as it ought to be. Creeds, after all, are only made by a few men with an idea of controlling the many. After the creed is made it is easy to find excuses for it, or even to prove its divine origin by a learned use of Holy Writ. In view of these facts, when we look over this little portion of the world which interests us most and read the history of the balance of what is claimed as the holy domain, we are struck with amazement at the low estimate which the church puts upon human character. We have every reason to believe the church's estimate is correct and yet if we should formulate such an estimate in words we would be mobbed, even by those who habitually submit to the contempt which it implies. When those who know the most of the weaknesses of our race so arrange the machinery as to govern a mass which is not permitted to think because their spiritual leaders esteem them unable to think rightly, when we see them deprived of the right to act in larger matters because the spiritual fathers hold that they will act wrongly, we are almost forced to a conclusion which, by the way, has been endorsed by Phineas T. Barnum, that those who rely most on the ignorance of the public will get along best.

***

These remarks are caused by a surprised contemplation of the conduct of Archbishop Cleary of Kingston. It seems to me he has been making a most ornate oratorical ass of himself. If the church were perfectly organized in Canada, someone ought to have a string tied to him which at certain times and seasons might be vigorously pulled. This might prevent such outbreaks as that at Tweed, where he alleged that "Satan has raised his standard here, has sent forth from the gates of hell his army of demons to propagate his wicked maxims throughout the cities and towns of this province." I can't conceive of any man who isn't full of whisky or insanity talking in any such strain. Moreover, he alleges that Mr. W. R. Meredith has yielded to the devil's influence and is going around with a two-edged jab which he intends to run through the Catholic church. However, when one is inclined to denounce this sort of rhetorical rubbish he is confronted by the knowledge that Archbishop Cleary is high up in his church, has all the knowledge to which I have referred, must know to whom he is speaking and can pretty accurately size up how much of his sulphurous fury will be absorbed by his listeners. But with the thought that the average congregation of Ontario people listens without disgust to the ravings of a man whose learning and zeal are not balanced by good common sense, comes the idea that social influences, education and self-reliance have increased much more rapidly in this province than Archbishop Cleary may imagine. These influences which one cannot readily describe and evidences of which are innocently withheld at the confessional, are beginning to move the Catholic population of this province, and where the movement is not begun the force is being stored, whence by-and-bye it will break forth. If this view is not correct what are we to think of our Roman Catholic neighbors? and of ourselves as but partially emancipated persons of a similar class. Many of the rules of the church relating to the parishioner were formulated in ages and countries where religious and general culture were almost unknown, and it seems to me that a desperate effort is being made by the more unwise of the church leaders to make the Catholic man of to-day work in the rude and galling harness of ages ago. The effort will not be successful. There is a vast deal of ignorance and superstition still left in the hearts of both Catholics and Protestants and the priests are not the only ones who are endeavoring to utilize this dying fire, but both are alike fanning the coals into that last red blaze which precedes the dying out of the spark which has been put to such incendiary uses in both politics and religion. When it dies out the reason and the affections will have to be worked upon to produce results, and those results cannot but be more beneficial to the race than those produced by fear, ignorance, superstition and bigotry.

***

Talking about the confessional, Mr. Gladstone in a recent article almost goes the length of advocating a return to it. The article in question is a review of Eilen Middleton, a novel published many years ago by Lady Georgina Fullerton, sister of Lord Granville, Mr. Gladstone's trusted friend and colleague. The story was written during the tractarian movement which was stirring the Anglican Church with a desire for the revival of Catholic practices, among which was the confessional. Eilen Middleton by accident causes the death of a young girl and succeeds her as the heir of her uncle's affection and property. The secret is hidden until after she is happily married when a man, who witnessed the deed, persecutes her as her lover. Her husband, when she is on her knees to this unwelcome suitor begging for mercy, comes into the room only to turn away and leave her the victim of his misjudgment. Her death is the result of the misery inflicted upon her and the moral follows that by confession she might have unburdened herself of her secret and learned how light her transgression had really been. Mr. Gladstone's interpretation of confession is that it is not necessarily a Catholic and sacramental affair, but there should be some means under religious sanctions of making confidences and seeking sound advice. It is suggested by those who have enlarged upon the article that Mr. Gladstone holds that the Methodist experience meeting might serve such a purpose equally with the Catholic confessional, but I cannot gather from anything he has written that he advocates confession in a general sense or to a priest as being in any way sufficient. He says, speaking of the story:

> It makes us learn how unconfessed and unrepented sin, borne about within the bosom, stifles its seeds of life, thickens its inward atmosphere, changes into darkness that which was its light. To whom of us all is not this a lesson? Where is the happy being into all the chambers of whose soul the light of day continually and freely flows, who has no black misgivings of deceit toward others, of fraud upon himself? Who does not feel he has spread a film over the eye planted in him for self knowledge? Who instinctively refuses lodgment to a sin and expels it by confession, even as he would drive a scorpion from his bread? . . . . It has been somewhere surmised, as of most other things in this day of reckless fancies, that if the representations of this book be just we ought to return to the Church of Rome. No! but if they be just, then indeed, we ought to return to the Church of England. We ought to remember her solemn admonitions of repentance; her constant witness in favor of holy discipline for the souls of her children; the heavy responsibility in self-examination and self-judgment which she throws upon them, the means of authoritative support, of consolation ever divine, though ministered through the weakness and foolishness of a fleshly organ, to which she habitually points the way as their meet refuge, if they shall not of themselves suffice to the discharge of that awful duty. . . . . We may find we have passed by the point to which belongs the system of auricular confession; that it is at the very best but a particular form of a far broader Christian duty, and that it has fatally altered its character when it becomes a perfunctory and technical substitution for that work of self-government which no man can perform for another, while so few, alas! will perform it for themselves, or when it makes the priest the proper and sole depositary of sins, which duty required to be more specially confided to persons immediately affected by them. For example, in the case of Eilen Middleton, it was clearly her part to have made known her agency in the death of Julia to the parents of the child, and we are persuaded that the great battle now to be fought with the pride and self-will and false shame that reign within us, is not upon the question to what person confession should be made, but upon this other and anterior question, whether confession has a legitimate and regular place at all in the Christian duty of repentance, or whether general words addressed to a God whose presence, perhaps, we have never realised, and in whose eye we too rarely and too weakly feel the painfulness of shame, form the entire and sufficient exercise of the Christian soul in this portion of its training for eternity!

***

There is, doubtless, in every heart an impulse toward confiding in someone. The school boy and school girl must have their confidantes; the lover, someone to whom he may speak of his sweetheart; the business man, one with whom he can talk over his plans; the criminal, who knows that everything depends upon secrecy, cannot rest until he has shared his deadly burden of fear with someone who, perchance, betrays him. The man least dangerous to society is the one who has no secrets, while the one who has no confidences is universally distrusted. What does all of this prove except what has been deduced from the previous paragraphs that our race is composed mainly of weaklings who have little confidence in themselves and their ideas of right and wrong? They must lean upon someone else and if that someone else claims to represent a supernatural power and to be able to forgive sins in the name of divinity, the credulity of the uneasy sinner is so great that he readily accepts the preposterous assertion and fights against every effort made to dispel the ignorance which makes such credulity possible. This feeble outreaching for a clerical certificate of fitness for heaven is not confined to Roman Catholics. When Protestants are dying they want pastoral comfort and I believe, as a rule, would accept any clerical genuflections which purport to have mystic meaning and a potency to save the soul. After the sinner is dead clergymen are expected to preach him into heaven, and the bereaved ones eagerly inquire of their favorite clergyman what chances the departed has for a place in paradise!

***

The renewed discussion regarding the revision of the Westminster Catechism, caused by the action of the New York Presbytery, is eliciting many radical expressions. Certainly it is a very odd performance, and the important changes are not made less conspicuous by a comparison of what is asked for with that which it is desired to abolish. The New York Presbytery is kind enough to wish that the revision shall make it appear that God loves everybody and that salvation is to be preached to every creature, but it has not gone the length of asserting that it is possible for every creature to be saved. They concede that it looks unpleasant to discriminate against infants and the heathen to the extent of damning them all, and are willing to leave the matter open. This kindness is really refreshing and as we cannot conceive of God being less gentle than the Assembly we may believe that from this time forward the wholesale damnation of babies and heathen will cease. While they are revising this terrible document, they should revise it away and accept the bible as their only rule of faith and practice, and then no such terrible responsibility would rest upon them as must be theirs if they insist upon being the interpreters of God's word and spirit. The desire to have a creed is but another form of man's weak tendency to lean on something human and tangible, rather than to accept inspiration as everyone can understand it and reach out for the omnipresent and ever-helping hand of Him who died for all. If the creed were revised out of existence, Presbyterians would not miss it. For decades they have lived contentedly within the church while disbelieving their own catechism, consequently I imagine they could live still more complacently without any. The revision which is most needed is in the conduct of church members rather than in the rules supposed to govern them, but with which they are unfamiliar and of which they are regardless. Of all the expressions relating to the movement under discussion, that by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his article in the *Atlantic Monthly* of January is perhaps most vigorous. He is writing of old age and the contemplation of death which comes to those who are about to pass away. He says:

> "They (old people) cannot help feeling that they are to be transferred from the rude embrace of the boisterous elements to arms that will receive them tenderly. Poor planetary foundlings, they have known hard treatment at the hands of the brute forces of nature from the control of which they are soon to be set free. There are some old pessimists, it is true, who believe that they and a few others are on a raft, and that the ship which they have quitted, holding the rest of mankind, is going down with all on board. It is not wonderful that there should be such when we remember what have been the teachings of the priesthood through long series of ignorant centuries. Every age has to shape the divine image it worships over again—the present age and our own country are busily engaged in the task at this time . . . Our doctrinal teachers are unmaking the deity of the Westminster Catechism and trying to model a new one with more of modern humanity and less of ancient barbarism in His composition. If Jonathan Edwards had lived long enough I have no doubt his creed would have softened into a kindly humanized belief."

***

I have another example of the peculiar desire of the human family to have for a leader and spiritual adviser someone of their own sort. The local newspapers are adorned with a picture of a bullet-headed person who is announced as "Joe Hess, ex-prize fighter and saloon keeper." It is alleged in said advertisements that "all hearts are reached by his wonderful power and effective eloquence." Religious ministrations are certainly falling out of priestly hands if an apprenticeship as a prize fighter and gin merchant has become valuable in the salvation of sinners. The "Rev." Mr. Hess may be doing a good work in calling the attention of those who like his peculiar style to the dangers of drink, but he certainly is not elevating the tone of society by writing such letters as the one addressed to the Temperance League in which he said, "I will be on hand, God willing, the 9th of February to jump into the ring and punch the old devil rum." In order to see the force of this trenchant remark one must imagine a personal devil who devotes his influence to the propagation of rum and then imagine the burly Mr. Hess engaged in "punching" him. Punching is not an elegant performance nor one in which the majority of people indulge, and it certainly cannot add to the dignity of the evangelist's calling when the manœuvres and vocabulary of the prize ring are exhibited on the platform. The suggestion may be an uncharitable one, but such tactics indicate a taste for ring profits and for pugilism and coarse language which has not been entirely eliminated in the process of con-

PATCHES AND POWDER.

version. Truly enough we are re-creating our gods in this nineteenth century when we have to advertise and exaggerate the former sins of our evangelists in order to make their preaching attractive. At one time it was thought the beauty and perfection of Christ's character were sufficient to attract the sinner, but now ex-drunkards, ex-pugilists, ex-rum-sellers, ex-wife-beaters, ex-toughs of all sorts seem to have a hold which well-behaved and zealous missionaries lack. It is possible that the churches in their formalism have become externally too well-behaved, while internally quite careless of their calling, and that the ear of the populace can now only be gained by those who allege that something startling has been done for them, on the principle that those love much who have had much forgiven. Even so, it is still unnecessary to retain the repellant features of vice after vice has been abandoned, nor is it seemly to boast of the sins regarding which one's shame should at least ensure silence.

(1) The Equal Rights movement throughout the Dominion. (2) The agitation for the abolition of Separate Schools in Ontario. (3) The abolition of French as an official language in Manitoba. (4) The Orange incorporation bill. (5) The determined movement that no further subsidies shall be granted to bankrupt Quebec.—Premier Mercier can glance over this list and add to it in several important particulars while congratulating himself that these things have been the outcome of his wonderful astuteness in passing the Jesuits' Estate Bill. Probably he cares for nothing except to be solid in his own province, but he must be indeed short-sighted if he imagines that the four hundred thousand dollars he paid over to the hierarchy will purchase him personal popularity when the church discovers how widespread and disastrous an agitation against Roman Catholic institutions has been the result of the Quebec Premier's demagogy. The church is not ready to array its followers in solid phalanxes with the idea of opposing Protestantism and endeavoring openly to seize the reins of government throughout the Dominion, and for this reason they will view with dislike the man who has precipitated the conflict. Amongst the individual members of the church, too, a vast deal of annoyance will be felt which will make a revolt against Mr. Mercier an easy matter. It is not the habit of the hierarchy to go hunting ducks with a brass band, and there has been altogether too much music and feather, and too little profit in the unfortunate Jesuit Bill for their liking. The vote on Mr. McCarthy's bill respecting dual languages will show where the members of the Commons stand. They are already feeling the embarrassment of the position. Following the Equal Rights agitation, and while the country is excited to an unusual degree of alertness, the politicians understand that they are likely to make trouble for themselves, no matter which way they go. One good feature of the whole business is the excellent proof which has been furnished the country, that small smartness and mere tactical cunning are far removed from statesmanship, and are very apt to be unprofitable to those who employ them.

The execution of Kane who killed his mistress was devoid of those maudlin sentimentalities which are so frequently gathered about the doomed person of an assassin. He seems to have had no friends but his lawyer and the clergymen who ministered to his spiritual wants. His brutal crime was only circumstantially proven, and the jury, believing that he perpetrated the deed while insane from heavy drinking, recommended him to mercy, but no mercy was shown. Where were those warm-hearted people who made such a mighty clamor for Harvey's reprieve? In Kane's case there was no doubt of temporary insanity, the jury were agreed upon that point, while in the Harvey matter the jury believed the criminal to have been sane. If there was any propriety in the demand for a reprieve in the former instance it was doubly proper in the latter that mercy should have been given. But the good people who community thoroughly comprehends that both men were ripe for the hangman, and the summary dismissal of Kane to the other world is but another and fitting rebuke to those people who take more interest in saving the life of a murderer than making happy the existence of the poor and unfortunate who have committed no crime against society unless their entrance and continuance in a world where they are apparently not wanted, is to be esteemed a sin.

The people of Ontario are angrily watching the dastardly outrages on lady missionaries in Hull, Que. If the authorities of that province cannot prevent such shameful occurrences they need not be surprised if they receive some unexpected and uninvited assistance from Ontario. This is a free country and we intend to keep it that way even if we have to take a club and cross the Ottawa River to do it.

Next Saturday if my old enemies, together with a new acquaintance known as influenza, will leave me alone I intend to begin a series of descriptive sketches of some of the things I have seen in the sunshine of a tropical winter during a six weeks' trip to the Bahamas, Cuba and Florida. I have plenty of good material. "If I can get it off," as the story tellers sometimes apologetically say. I have some pictures, too, with which the artist of SATURDAY NIGHT is struggling and, altogether, it is possible the articles may be entertaining.

DON.

Social and Personal.

But three days more and Ash Wednesday will have ushered in the forty solemn days of Lent. Although a revival in some degree always takes place after Easter, yet the season proper in Toronto closes with the commencement of Lent. The reasons which in November last caused a pretty general prophecy that the season of 1889-90 would be a quiet one, together with two others with which the prophets did not reckon, namely, the epidemic and the extraordinary weather, have proved to be for once well-founded. For many years past I can remember no winter in which so comparatively little entertaining has been done here. It is true that several of the balls that did take place were even unusually brilliant. The dances at Glenedyth, Chestnut Park and Rohallion have seldom been surpassed in private houses in Toronto, while, what the *Bystander* calls "the glories of the Toronto Club ball," will long be remembered. The large dance at Government House was one of the finest that have been held there, while this week the Yacht Club ball has recalled the annual triumphs of that event in the distant past. Smaller and less ambitious dances, however, of which in recent winters there have been three or four almost every week, have during the last three months been few and far between. The sleighing club has held no meets through no fault of its own, while that form of entertainment which is called an At Home and which consists in asking great crowds to chatter and to partake of light refreshments of an afternoon, has almost entirely disappeared. The number of dinner parties has also shown a great falling off. A popular *grande dame* and indefatigable diner-out told me the other day that whereas last year she had averaged six such invitations a week, this winter her average had been but two. The theaters, on the other hand, have done nobly. I can recall no winter when the list of dramatic and operatic attractions has been more consistently of the nature which draws fashionable audiences.

Mrs. Grant Stewart of Harbord street had a small but pleasant five o'clock tea last Saturday, and is again At Home to some of her friends this afternoon.

Society repaired in large numbers to the Granite and Victoria Rinks last Saturday and watched the game of hockey between the vice-regal and parliamentary teams and the local clubs, with the most excited interest. It would be well if hockey on the ice were to become as popular here as in Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec and Halifax. When it is remembered that four of the Ottawa team were Englishmen, who can have done little skating except during the last two winters, their victory over the one local seven and their severe fight with the other, must be considered most creditable performances. His Excellency Lord Stanley, all his sons and his whole staff are athletes and sportsmen of the right stuff.

Rev. Mr. Stewart Jones of Lewiston, N. Y., who died of pneumonia at his rectory on Tuesday, was not very widely known in Toronto, excepting to such people as spent the summer at Niagara-on-the-Lake. At the latter place Mr. Jones was secretary of the lawn tennis club, and in that capacity had attached much of success and popularity. At the pretty grounds of the Queen's Royal he will long be greatly regretted. It was almost a weekly habit with not a few of the visitors at Niagara to take boat to Lewiston on Sunday, in order to visit Mr. Jones' pretty little church and to hear his admirable sermons. The vicar of a fashionable church in Ottawa, whose views were a few months ago reported to be rather more advanced than those of some of his congregation, is a brother of the deceased clergyman.

The annual ball of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club which came off on Wednesday evening in the Academy of Music was an enormous and brilliant success. It was the first ball that has been given since the amalgamation with the Toronto Yacht Club, and undoubtedly much has been gained on both sides. The membership is tremendously swelled, and now the club appears as a young men's club rather than an old yachtsmen's club. The Commodore, officers and members are to be congratulated on the unsurpassed success attained by their greatest and most ambitious undertaking. From a quarter after eight to half-past one, the hundreds of carriages rolled up to the doors to deposit their precious loads, approaching from the west and passing to the east to avoid confusion. The arrangements and details were perfect in every way. The ladies' dressing-room was especially comfortable and roomy—the regular supper-room of the building being used for it on this occasion—whilst the gentlemen were ushered into a less inviting-looking region, but the coats were well checked and looked after. Such an exquisite scene met the eye when entering the ball-room. Stately yachtsmen, gallant soldiers, beautiful women, rich toilets and uniforms and tasteful draperies lent dazzling splendors to the *tout ensemble*. The space beneath the galleries was curtained off and comfortably furnished with easy sofas, chairs, etc., making tempting little flirtation nooks. The ceiling was tastefully festooned with the club's colors and varegated bunting, whilst at the back of the stage a scene was painted, representing a conservatory, quite refreshing to the eye.

Commodore Boswell received the guests in his usual happy manner at the head of the passage formed in the center of the ball room by a double row of the Club's officers standing in line, through which the guests passed up, said "how-de-do" and walked on. The becoming and handsome uniform of the R. C. Y. C. was greatly remarked on and complimented during the evening. Over a thousand people attended and by half-past ten every available inch of the ball-room was occupied. The gallery was thoroughly appreciated as a charming spot to view the gay scene below, and was crowded throughout the evening. The supper room was a pleasant change from the supper room heretofore in the pavilion. The Art Gallery being used was appropriately decorated and small tables for two, four, six or eight were arranged throughout the room so that the guests could sit down and comfortably partake of refreshments. The main supper table running the whole length of the hall baffles description, it was so artistically decorated. Harry Webb surpassed himself on this occasion. Everything one could think of, or name, was to be had, so the inner man had a feast for once. It was eleven o'clock when the doors of the supper-room were thrown open and far into the "wee sma' hours" when they were closed again.

It would be impossible to attempt a description of a quarter of the becoming and handsome gowns worn. But a few of the many noticed are: Mrs. Mackelcan of Hamilton, heavy corded silk, of an exquisite shade of orange, decollete and *en traine*, ostrich feathers and diamond ornaments; Miss Annie Hendrie, also a Hamiltonian, wore beautiful grayish white tulle and satin, ornamented with grass and wreaths of flowers, with which completing her toilet she carried a huge bouquet of roses and sweet peas; Mrs. Arkle looked remarkably well in bronze green tulle and silk; Mrs. Rattan, her sister, wore pale blue brocade, diamond ornaments; Mrs. J. K. Kerr had on a brocade of several colors—light blue predominating—feathers and diamonds; Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby, heavy black velvet and jet with long train, ornaments, pearls and diamonds; Mrs. Robert Miles, heliotrope satin over which was draped tulle in the same shade; Miss Amy Boulton, pale pink satin trimmed with roses. Mrs. McCualg, soft orange silk; Mrs. George Torrance, white satin and tulle; Miss Annie Michie, white and salmon silk, trimmed with ostrich feathers; Miss Gardiner, white silk and pearl ornaments; Miss Cecil Gibson, yellow liberty silk a *crepe de chine*, trimmed with yellow daisies; Miss May Walker, pale pink *crepe de chine*; Miss Ryan, pale blue and gold brocaded silk and diamonds; Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, sage green velvet bodice, tulle skirt; Mrs. Austin Smith, pale pink satin and brocade, feathers and diamonds; Miss Parsons, white satin and tulle; Miss Nellie Parsons, deep yellow silk; Mrs. Hume Blake, white satin tulle; Mrs. James Crowther, gray silk and net; Mrs. Melfort Boulton, pale blue satin and brocade, with diamond ornaments; Mrs. George Arthurs, handsome velvet gown and jet, feathers and diamonds; Miss Cockburn, white satin and tulle, trimmed with white hyacinth; Mrs. Alfred Cameron had on a becoming brocaded blue silk and plain blue velvet, pearl ornaments; Mrs. R. Gamble, pale orange satin and feathers; Miss Mabel Bright, pale lemon-colored silk and crape; Mrs. Prince, black lace over grey silk, gold necklace; Miss Hoskins, white satin and *crepe de chine*; Miss Bowes, pink satin and brocade; Mrs. George Eyre of Brighton, white satin, *en traine*, trimmed with yellow velvet, ostrich feathers and diamonds; Mrs. A. Spragge, heliotrope satin and cream folds, ostrich feathers; Mrs. Cameron, pale pink satin and brocade; Miss Widder of Goderich, blue silk and net; Mrs. Rice, pale pink satin, over which was tastefully draped green tulle, with rows of narrow green velvet ribbon on the bottom of the skirt; Miss Bunting, pale blue *crepe de chine*; Miss Brouse, white satin; Miss D'Arcy Boulton, black net with white ribbons; Miss Laura D'Arcy Boulton, black net; Miss Grace Boulton, white silk and yellow velvet; Mrs. Dawson, golden brown silk; Mrs. Galt, white satin with white feather trimming; Miss Foot of Georgetown, pale blue silk with old Irish lace; Miss Small, white silk; Mrs. Watson of Georgetown, white satin with pearl trimmings and scarlet geraniums; Miss Hughes, white embossed velvet and gauze, pearl and ruby ornaments; Miss May Hughes, pink silk gauze with ribbon trimmings and pink rose-buds.

The complimentary invitation list included His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Stanley, Hon. Arthur Stanley, Capt. and Mrs. Colville, Miss Lister, Capt. McMahon, A.D.C., Lieut.-Gen. Sir Fred and Lady Middleton, Sir Alex. and Miss Campbell, Commander Law, R.N., Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mayor Clarke, Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, Attorney-General and Mrs. Mowat, Col. and Mrs. Gzowski, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allan, Sir Daniel Wilson, Mrs. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Blain, Col. and Mrs. Gray, Lieut.-Col. Gray, the commanders and officers of the Oswego, Bay of Quinte, Kingston, Chicago, Rochester clubs, Col. Mrs. and Miss Otter, Mrs. McDougall, the staff and officers of C Company, Col. Hamilton, commandant and officers of the Royal Military College, Lieut.-Col. Montizambert and officers of B Battery of Quebec, Lieut.-Col. Cotton and officers of A Battery of Kingston, the commandant, staff and officers of D Company of London, Col. Dawson, commandant, staff and officers of the School of Cavalry of Quebec, Chief Justice of Ontario, Chancellor Boyd, Chief Justice Armour, Chief Justice Sir Thomas and Lady Galt, Provost and Mrs. Body of Trinity College, Sir John and Lady Macdonald, the Vice-Consul of the Italian Kingdom and Mrs. Shaw, the Italian Consul and Mrs. Gianelli, the American Consul and Mrs. Pope, the Consul of Brazil and Mrs. Mason, the Consuls of Norway and Sweden and Mrs. McMurray, Consul-General of the Netherlands. Capt. Stupart, R. N., and Mrs. Stupart, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heath, Lieut.-Col. G. T. and Miss Denison, commander and officers of the Hamilton, Queen City, St. Lawrence, Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit Yacht Clubs, Sir Adam and Lady Hickson, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. VanHorne, the Liberian Consul and Mrs. J. E. Thompson.

The following is the guest list: Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. James Alexander, Miss Armour, Mr. J. W. Ambrey, Mrs. Arkle, Mr. A. C. Anderson, Miss Attrell, Miss M. Attrell, Mr. E. Attrell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. and Mr. M. Alexander, Mr. A. A. and Miss Archbold, Mr. James Adams, Mr. and Mrs. A. Armstrong, Mrs. Anthony, Mr. A. F. Arnold, Mr. C. Armstrong, Mr. A. A. Allan, Miss Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Miss Arthurs, Mrs. J. A. Adams, Mrs. John Akers, Mrs. Alexander, Mr. J. A. Adams, Mrs. Adams, Miss Angers, Mrs. and the Misses E. and M. Arthurs, Mr. J. G. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brown, Mr. J. H. Beaty, Mr. A. R. Boswell, Mr. W. H. Bentley, Miss A. M. Brodie, Mr. G. Boulton, Miss Boulton and Miss D. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Beard, Mr. J. Boyd, Mrs. Y. Baldwin, Mrs. I. W. Butler, Mr. A. P. Burritt, Mr. C. Brown, Mr. E. A. Badenach, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Brush, Miss E. Brown, Miss Buckland, Mr. R. and Miss Brayley, Mr. G. W. and Miss Badgerow, Mr. S. W. Butler, Miss S. Byrne, Messrs. R. A. E. and H. C. Boulton, Miss Boulton, Mrs. C. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Botsford, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bunting, Miss Bunting, Mr. W. H. Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Burns, Mr. A. A. Barron, Mr. G. H. C. Brooke, Mr. A. C. F. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. C. Beechh, Mr. F. W. Barrett, Mr. George Boyd, Mr. H. D. Brown, Mr. R. W. G. Bee, Mr. J. J. Bull and Miss Bull, Mr. D. W. Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. J. F. Bryce, Mr. J. G. Burnham, Miss M. Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. C. A. Bogart, Mr. J. J. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Buchanan, Miss Barton, Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brouse, Mrs. Brouse, Mr. R. H. Bethune, Miss Bethune, Miss W. L. Bethune, Mr. H. Brock, Mr. W. A. Bog, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Barnes, Mr. T. G., Mrs. and Miss Bright, Messrs. G. W. and A. D. Beardmore, Mr. F. M. Baker, Mr. F. D. Barwick, Mr. P. J. Brown, Miss Barwick, Mr. Walter Barwick, Mr. T. W. Beardmore, Mr. Bertie Baldwin, Miss Burnside, Mr. P. R. Baker, Mr. H. V. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bennett, Mrs. C. Brown, Mr. D. Burns, Mr. Bogert, Mrs. R. Benson, Mr. E. Bell, Mr. E. A. Begg, Mr. W. H. Bacon, Mr. H. M. Brady, Miss G. Boulton, Capt. P. J. Beatty, Mr. A. and Mrs. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Burgess, Miss M. Burgess, Mr. J. and Miss Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Bignall, Mr. and the Misses Bayley, Mr. C. R. Boulton, Mr. T. D. Bell, Mr. W. H. Burnell, Mr. T. R. Pellatt, Mr. W. G. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. James Carruthers, Mr. W. H. and Miss Cawthra, Mr. J. B. Clark, Mr. R. G. Cooper, S. Cimon, M.P., Mr. J. P. Craig, Mr. F. J. Cosgrave, Mr. J. L. Coffee, Mr. Colter, Mr. C. Cockburn, Mr. R. Carroll, Miss Cunso, Mr. A. H. Collins, Mr. E. W. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. E.W. Cox, Mrs. T. J. Cox, Mrs. F. G. Cox, Mr. and Miss Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Crowther, Mr. H. Compelin, Mr. A. M. Clarkson, Mr. F. W. Cane, Dr. and Miss Covernton, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Carter, Mr. J. C. Close, Mr. W. B. Close, Mr. and Mrs. M. Campbell, Mr. R. Crear, Mr. and Mrs. H. Chandler, Mr. G. T. Cassells, Mr. F. Capon, Miss Chadwick, Mr. R. D. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. Crean, Miss C. Charlton, Miss C. Campbell, Miss M. Campbell, Mr. F. C. Campbell, Mr. Coultard, Mrs. A. B. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Ash. Crowther, Mrs. H. Campbell, Mrs. and Miss Christie, Mr. H. Compiin, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. J. H. Cameron, Miss S. Cross, Miss Cochrane, Mrs. H. G. Collins, Mr. D. Cameron, Mr. C. T. Coleman, Mr. W. Creelman, Mr. P. M Clarke, Mr. G F. Cane, Mr. J. L. Capreol, Miss Crean, Mr. W. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mr. V. Chadwick, Miss Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. L. H. Clarke, Mr. Coburn, Mr. James Carrick, Miss Kate Campbell, Mr. A. B. Charter, Mr. H E. Corry, Miss E. Cox, Mr. D. A. Cool-on, Mr. D. F. Cowan, Mr. A. A. Cameron, Mr. M B. Cameron, Mr. J. H. Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Cowan, Mr. E. W. Cox, Miss Clench, Mr. W. H. Donaldson, Miss Douglas, Mrs. N. Douglas, Mr. James Denny, Mr. and Mrs. S. Dunlop, Miss Douglas, Miss Dunnigan, Miss Lillian Despard, Mr. H. P. Davies, Miss Dunston, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bennett, Mr and Mrs. Wm. Dixon, Mrs. Dawson, Mr. F. G. Dickie, Mrs. W. A Doyle, Mr. J. W. Dryden, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dawson, Mrs. R. C. Dawson, Miss Dunnan, Mr. H. A. Drummond, Miss Darby, Miss Donald, Miss Douglas, Mr. R. C. Donald, Mr. George Dunsmuir, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Drayton, Miss Drayton, Mr. P. H. Drayton, Mr. B. F. Davis, Mr. W. E. Donaldson, Mr. Chas. Dewar, Miss Donagby, Hon. Justice Donaldson, Mr. D. Donald, Mrs. Delahaye, Miss Dumble, Mr. P. M. Daly, Mr. and Mrs. P. Daly, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and Miss Davis, Miss Denning, Miss E. B. Dick, Miss J. E. Dick, Mr. Hugh Darnell, Mr. Geo. H. Douglas, Mr. J. Dingman, Mr. D. E. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Eyre, Mrs. W. J. Eyre, Miss Eyre, Capt. G. P. Elliot, Mr. J. F. Ellis, Mr. J. H. Eddis, Miss Eddis, Mr. W. E. Eddis, Mr. H. G. Elliott, Mr. R. G. Ewing, Miss H. M. Ewing, Mr. A. T. K. Evans, Mr. George E. Evans, Mr. J. P. Edgar, Mrs. J. D. Edgar, Miss Edgar, Miss Fleury, Miss Furness, Mr. J. J. Ferguson, Mr. G. Foy, Mr. J. K. Fisken, Miss Fisken, Miss G. Fisken, Mr. E. F. Farquhar, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Foster, Mr. M. Estes and Miss Fletcher, Mr. J. W. Fleury, Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth, Mrs., Miss and Mr. R. Fairbairn, Mr. W. A. Firstbrook, Miss Fuller, Miss Fenwick, Mr. and Mrs. A. and the Misses K. and H. Fraser, Mr. J. M. French, Mr. W. M. Fahey, Miss Forte, Mr. J. F. Fitzgerald, Mr. Fisher, Mr. A. C. and Mrs. Galt, Mr. F. M. Gray, Mr. B. J. Arnoldi, Mr. Geo. and Mrs. Gowanlock, Mr. E. S. Griffin, Miss Gilmore, Mr. J. S. Garvin, Miss M. Gardner, Miss Guay, Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Greene, Dr. E. H. Green, Mr. S. A. Greene, Mr. A. C. Gibson, Mr. Percival T. Greene, Mr. T. P. and Mrs. Gait, Miss A. Gordon, Mr. W. M. Gordon, Capt. Gibbs, Miss Goldsmith, Mr. J. H. Grant, Mr. Robert Grant, Mr. C. P. Goodson, Miss A. Ginson, Mr. Geo. Gray, Mr. A. D. Gooderham, Miss Gooderham, Miss Jessie Gooderham, Miss M. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. G. Gooderham, Mr. H. M. Grier, Mr. Geo. Gates, Mr. F. H. Gray, Mr. E. C. Gray, Mr. G. Gamble, Miss Gimson, Mr. A. Gillespie, Mr. H. G. Gates, Miss Nellie and Mrs. J. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith, Miss Goulnlock, Mr. A. N. Grantham, Mrs. Grant, Miss Grant, Mr. Grant, Mr. R. N. Gooch, Miss Gooch, Mr. Fred Gooch, Mr. H. Goulding, Mrs. Hubbell, Miss Hannaford, Mr. Hugh Hartshorne, Mr. T. M Harrison, Mr. A. Hillyard, Miss Horrocks, Mr. F. Horrocks, Mr. and Mrs. Helliwell, Miss Hine, Mr. and Mrs. H. Holland, Mr. A., Mrs. and Miss Jessie Hoskin, Mr. J. T. D. and Miss Harrison, Mr. W. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. A. McLean Howard and Miss Howard, Miss Holmes, Miss Hewitt, Mr. A. R. Hoyles, Mr. P. R. Hopkins, Mr. J. J. Henderson, Miss Hall, Miss Henderson, Mr. A. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. B Hall, Mr. J. C. Hopkins, Miss Hatch, Mr. W. R Hees, Mr. G. Haas, Mr. T. W. Harcourt, Mr. J. H. G. and Miss Flagarty, Mr. and Mrs. H. Holland, Mr. J. D. Hay, Mr. S. B. Harman, Mr. G. M. Higginbotham, Mr. W. D. Hurlburt, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskin, Mr. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. G. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. W. Hemming, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Holmes, Mrs. E. Hooper, Miss Ethel Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Henderie, Miss Annie Hendrie, Mr. W. J. Hendrie, jr., and Mr. James Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Humphries, Mr. R. R. Hamilton, Miss Jean Holland, Miss Harvie, Mrs. H. and the Misses Hoskins, Mr. and Mrs. P. Hughes, Miss Hughes, Mr. Alexander Harris, Mr. S. E. Hammond, Mr. A. R. Hunter, Mr. H. Hilyard, Mr. G. W. Hill, Mr. F. Hornsby, Miss Harmson, Mr. S. F. and Miss Hobson, Mr. and Mrs. Hobson, Mr. Hornsby, Mr. F. Hamming, Miss Hurst, Mr. T. W. Horne, Mr. T. Holland, Mr. P. R. Henderson, Mr. E. B. Hostetter, Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, Miss Ince, Miss Irving, Mr. J. C. and Mr. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Irish, Mr. Wm. Irwin, Mr. J. C. Judd, Mr. C. H. Jagger, Miss L. Jones, Mrs. S. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Jones, Messrs. S. S. E. S. and J. W. Johnston, Mr. B. Jennings, Miss Jacobi, Mr. S. A. Jones, Mr. T. W. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Johnston, Mr. W. J. Jennings, Mr. H. F. Jones, Mr. W. W. Jones, Mr. G. Kiely, Miss Kerr, Miss Helen Kay, Mr. R. E. Kibbe, Mr. and Mrs. G. Kapsky, Miss L. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kerwin, Mr. and Mrs. M. Kertland, Mr. P. Kertland, Mr. J. S. King, Mr. J. C. Kane, the Misses E. and A. E. Kemp, Hon. G. A. and Mrs Kirkpatrick, Mr. J. J. and Miss Kelso, Mr. A. Kelly, the Misses Maggie and Mamie Kingsmill, Mr. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. J. and Mrs. King, Mrs. and the Misses Livingston, Miss Lee, Miss Lowe, Miss S. Lowe, Miss Logan, Mr. James Laidlaw, Miss Jessie Laidlaw, Mr. A. J. Lambe, Mr. C. J. Lightbourne, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lee and Miss Lee, Mr. V. Lee and Mr. W. F. Lee, Mr. E. J. Lennox, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Langmuir, Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey and Mrs. Lindsey, Mr. E. W. Lake, Mr. Hugh Leach, Miss B. Lefroy, Mr. E. Lefroy, Miss E. Linton, Mr. J. Y. Lavendes, Miss Langstaff, Mr. J. Longstaff, Mr. F. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. H. D. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lee, Mr. E. S. Lightbourne, Miss Nellie Lightbourne, Mr. F. B. Leighton, C. H. Lloyd, Miss Haycraft, Mr. Leahy, Miss Lundy, Mr. Lehmann, Mr. A. Leslie, Mr. J. A. Lockie, Mr. Carson, Mr. J. Loftus, Loftbridge, Miss M. Lothridge, Mr. A. P. Lee, Mr. G. E McRae, Miss Martin, Mr. James Macdonald, Mr. D. C. McCarron, Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. I. C Macklem, Miss Allie Morson, the Misses Monk, Mr. A. E Matthews, Mr. F. D. Manchee, Mr. J. Wilton Morse, Mr. W. P. Mathesson, Mrs. and Miss MacMahon, Miss Mickleborough, Mr. J. MacNamara, Mr. C. MacNamara, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McMillan, George Moffat, M.P., Mr. M. Mackenzie, Mr. F. J. Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. John Massie, Miss McQueen, Miss McClive, Mrs. J. C. Macklem, Miss Myers, Mr. C. J. Masten, Mr. J. H. and Miss Mason, Mr. C. Marlo:t, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mackenzie, Mr. G. W. Morphy, Mr. James A. Macdonald, Mr. Arnold and Mrs. Ethel Morphy, the Misses Ethel and M. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. W. B Maclean, Mr. J. Morrison, Mr. T. Morrison, Mrs. Maclean, Miss Mortimer Clark, Mrs. R. Mortimer, Mr. D. Mulholland, Mr. R. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mr. W. H. Merritt, Capt. H. Morton, Mr. J. Mitchison, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. Chas. Millan, Mr. J. W. Montgomery, Mr. H. V. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. R. Miles, Mr. Moss, Mr. W. F. Maclean, Mr. J. H. and Mrs. F. F. Manly, Mr. C. G. Marlett, Miss MacNabb, Mr. Alex. and Miss Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. S. May, Messrs. G. S. and A. Michie, Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moss, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. McQueen, Mr. H. M. Mowat, Mr. O Macfae, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Morphy, Mr. S. N. Morton, Mr. George Hardy Bride, Mr. P. Maul, Mr. and Mrs. J. Macdon-

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

New Music

All the Year Round Lancers—Nellie S. Smith..... 50c
Toreador Waltz—T. P. Ro le..... 50c
When the Lights are Low Waltz—Theo. Bonheur..... 60c

New Songs

The Sailors' Dance, F♭ and F—J. L. Molloy..... 50c
When the Lights are Low, F, G, A♭, B♭—G. M. Lamb.. 50c
Off to Philadelphia (humorous), baritone—B. Haynes.. 50c

Of all Music Dealers or mailed free on receipt of marked price by

Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association,
13 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

The libretto of Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera "The Gondoliers," is now ready

E. BEETON

HIGH GRADE WATCH SPECIALIST

Opposite Post Office, Toronto

Fine and Complicated Watch Adjusting My Forte

FULL DRESS SHIRTS

Gentlemen requiring a full dress shirt and not having time to order, can always find a full assortment of sizes with us. We carry in stock at $1.50, $1.75, $2 and $2.25 each, and can recommend the fit and excellent laundry work, the latter we pay special attention to.

Fawke's White and Lavender Kid Gloves
In various styles. Also
White and Colored Evening Bows, Ties, Etc.
All the very latest novelties in
English and American Collars and Cuffs
In stock.

WHEATON & CO.

17 King St. West, cor. Jordan

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS OF

CIGARS

MUNGO - - - - 5c.
CAB_E - - - - - 5c.
EL PADRE - - - - 10c.
AND
MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.

THE BEST VALUE.
THE SAFEST SMOKE.
THE MOST RELIABLE.

The Purest of the Pure.

NO CHEMICALS.
NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING.
THE BEST VALUE.

MISS MORRISON
41 KING STREET WEST
Is now showing a choice assortment of
American Veilings
Special prices in Dress Goods during stock taking. Also attention is called to
EMBROIDERED DRESSES
In all the Newest Shades, new Russian Nets, etc.

MISSES E. & H. JOHNSTON
122 KING STREET WEST,
OPPOSITE THE ROSSIN HOUSE,

Miss Johnston has returned from Paris, London and New York with a full line of
Novelty Dress Goods and Trimmings
DISPLAY OF
PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS
These goods are now being opened.

THE FINEST DIAMOND RING
Ever offered in the Dominion for $65. Sent by registered post to any address in Canada on receipt of price and size which includes a handsome box. Address J. FRED WOLTZ, Diamond Broker, 41 Colborne street, Toronto, Canada.

HAREM
(Not the Sultan's)
CIGARETTES

YILDIZ
CIGARETTES
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

Some cruel shoe has been pinching a tender little foot. To the foregoing statement the following note bears conclusive evidence:

DEAR CLIP CAREW.- Don't you know that when a girl has a new hat trimmed with feathers she must wear it? I think you are very mean to print a description of my hat (I know you meant mine), and I wish I knew your face. If I did I'd never sit in front of you again as long as I live.

GAINSBOROUGH.

What charming candor the little lady displays! She is "little" and pretty, and—honest; but just a little thoughtless. You must understand, dear Gainsborough, that when I go to the theater I take my business eyes with me, and I write about what I see. Now, if it so happened that I saw more of your hat than anything else how could I help writing of it? Take it off next time, dear, and notice how easy your conscience will feel.

I have also a note from a young man who calls himself Schoolboy. His remarks are very earnest, though a trifle inclined to be—well—broad.

DEAR MADAME,—Your lecturing about hats is creating great "screeching" among the feminine portion of our house. The girls are mad. It was a couple of weeks back that you gave it to some girl who carried a tower into the matinee and she is my sister, and she's ready to murder you in cold blood; but I just tell you, I'm on your side, and the rest of us boys are too. I'm young in years, but I'm old in suffering (from hats). SCHOOLBOY.

Poor boy! That pathetic ending goes to my heart, and hats come into my eyes. Try this plan: Never take a lady to the theater or matinee, unless she will remove her hat, or bonnet. Of course a bonnet is permissible if it is absolutely flat—not unless. Remember.

*

When I was younger, I used to long with a double-distilled longing for more pockets. One day, after watching a man perform a series of gymnastic exercises, as he made a tour of some eighteen of them on a search for a railway ticket a deep feeling of content took possession of my heart, and I felt satisfied with one. Whether time has lessened the effect of that exhibition, or whether I now need more room to carry various things, I do not know. This I do know, I want more pockets. There is a story of a woman, who at a French dressmaker's replied tragically, "All pockets," to the query "How would madame be pleased to have her gown made?" We can do without the "rights," which are being shouted for; but we do need pockets, and I say: Let's have them. We might have two in the skirt—one on each side; two in the vest front, one for a watch and another for small coins, and two at the bottom of the vest. I am speaking of bodices which have, as so many do, the front of contrasting color or material. With an empire gown or directoire frock, I suppose one would be obliged to carry a bag, and, by the way, here is a description of a "granny" bag. It is made of half a yard of black satin, with an inch and a half turned in at the bottom. This forms a double frill which is shirred and drawn tightly. Three inches from the top a double row of stitches are made to run the strings through. A lining of surah is put in, with sachet powder sprinkled over it, a double draw-string of cord is arranged, and the quaint little old fashioned-looking thing is ready to put on your arm.

*

A very handsome street dress worn in Toronto this week was of dark green cloth, with an ornamentation of black wool embroidery. The skirt was made in long pleats, with front panel of the embroidery. The bodice was pointed in front, coat-shaped behind, with a vest of embroidery, and triangular-shaped pieces in the tops of the sleeves. With this dress was worn a dark green felt hat with black plumes, and a Persian lamb short jacket.

Perhaps just at present we take especial interest in digging into spring fashions, for, somehow, when Christmas is gone and January is disposed of, we look forward to spring bonnets, May flowers, and the resurrection of our cotton gowns. Regarding colors, we are told that dome-green—a dull, bluish tint—iris, orchid and yellow will be popular, as well as other shades of purple, electric blue in combination with black, and bright reds.

Pink and lilac is a daring but artistic combination, while yellow and grass green is enough to give one the ague. Venus is a new shade, too, and a particularly beautiful one. It is, however, nothing but a deep flesh tint which I suppose one may, prosaically speaking, call pink.

Bonnets are to be long and flat. The trimming will be raised a little, but clever fore-tellers of fashions say that a small low shape resembling an oyster-shell will insinuate itself into the heart and poise itself on the head of our "summer girl."

It is truly amazing to note how much the hair is being shown now. After boxing our tresses up in high hats for quite a time we tremblingly obeyed the mandate, "lower it," and now that there is absolutely no room in the hats for coils down they come. Some of them, too, are pretty "skimpy," for hairpins, brushing and pulling up, and close hats have robbed us of a good many handfuls of "a woman's strength."

A pretty little bonnet, designed to exhibit carefully-dressed coils or braids, has a brim of twisted velvet, with the crown partially filled with jet.

Another striking one is a coronet of black astrakhan, with a crown of scarlet ribbon bows.

A tan kid bonnet is quite a novelty, and yet very pretty. The leather is laid in soft folds on the brim, and a tan and black bird perches on the crown, while the strings are of black velvet.

*

A sea-weed dinner is, perhaps, as unique as anything could be now that we are all convinced that nothing new is to be begged, bought or fished from the innermost depths of the very deepest place in our souls. The decorations consist entirely of sea-weed, in red, fawn and brown shades. The vases are shells, the service is of shell pink, and fish is elaborately served. The salads are garnished with sea-weed, and I suppose it is fair to presume that the guests drink nothing but water.

At a tin wedding the service for the wedding breakfast is all of tin, the gifts are tin, and tin favors are presented to each guest. What a comparatively inexpensive frolic that would be, and what a bright-eyed, smiling faced Mary Ann would hover about the next day when the new tin found its way, as most of it would, to the kitchen. Unfortunately tin is so much disregarded now that the agate-iron furniture would, in all probability, repel its bright glances with stolid indifference.

*

I would like to submit a conundrum: Why on earth can't a woman who goes to buy gloves tell what quality, number, color and make she wants, instead of having her necessary number, selected color, favorite quality and preferred make drawn from her lips in four different sentences by a shop girl who has enough besides to make her nervous?

CLIP CAREW.

The Missionary.

For Saturday Night.

Strange how man will feel a call
Sometimes to toil in a foreign field
And choose some novel tool to wield,
Of the use whereof he knows naught at all!
Such was the case of Ernest Lowe—
A chum of mine in the long ago.

Fairer prospects no man could ask—
A profession, a fortune, a girl to love—
Fair and true as the skies above.
Yet he left all these for the wearying task
Of a laborer in a vineyard dark.
He had "the call," and he needs must hark.

Men reasoned with him with useless talk;
Some called him a fool—he may have been,
But he vowed in his chosen path to walk,
Though it led to the shadowy dark ravine,
Where souls fit silent amid the black
With half of them, maybe, hanging back.

I can see him now with his handsome face
Ablaze, as he argued, proved and planned—
Eager for Africa's heathen strand,
Thrilling to carry the Word of Grace—
"I will spend my life and last cent to go
To those wretched people!" said Ernest Lowe.

I badgered him in my own rough way;
Bullied him, proved by unlying figures
That there was no chance to save those "niggers;"
Called him an ass to ever stray
From love and wealth and a humor certain sum,
To pilot the savage to Kingdom Come.

Then he'd rise sublime—with me sore perplexed,
And he'd pace about and proudly stand,
And raise aloft his shapely hand,
And fire a volley of verse and text
To prove I was wrong and he was right,
Till I'd rise and leave him with curt good-night.

"I'll carry the truth to the Ethiop's heart.
He hungers for it—my hand shall feed
His starving soul in its time of need.
Love's fetters can hold not—let them part—
'Twas a pleasant bondage, but still I know
Of a nobler far"—so said Ernest Lowe.

So he left for the continent's heathen dim—
I mourned with the girl in my own weak way,
And lingered around there day by day,
Both of us friendly for love of him—
Till by-and-bye her wan cheeks would glow,
And a bath of "Johnson's" had Ernest Lowe.

"He *would* carry the truth to the heathen heart
And feed the souls of those famished men."
He found 'em hungry enough for ten
Such plump waite teachers of christian art!
And they formed a Y. M. C. A. for woe,
Of Young Male Cannibals—earnest and low.

But he kept his word "to reach their hearts"—
Too bad that he took the inside route
To the hungry soul of each heathen brute,
But his truth got into 'em in varied parts!
And the girl? Well, there came a day when lo!
We weren't so earnest—it didn't go!

ED. W. SANDYS.

The Debt of Nature.

"It appears to me," said Serena to Sylvester, "that you kiss me entirely too often. I suppose when we are married people"—and she slightly blushed—"you will not think of kissing me more than nineteen or twenty times a day, whereas now"—and she blushed again.

"Very true," replied Sylvester. "Twenty kisses a day is, I believe, the normal standard. But consider, I am twenty-eight years old; consequently have spent ten thousand unkissed days. Ten thousand multiplied by twenty equals two hundred thousand. That is to say, this alarming deficit will not be made up until I have received two hundred thousand kisses. You understand now what is meant by paying the debt of Nature?"

"Dear me, yes," replied Serena; "but I never knew it meant that."

Boston Precocity.

A little fellow at Boston Highlands came downstairs the other morning, rubbing his eyes, and saying:

"Early to bed and early to rise
Is a kind of nonsense I despise!

He Was All Right.

"So you are fishing again on Sunday," said the Boston deacon to a little fellow he had induced to join the Sunday school a few weeks before. "You can't be a good boy and fish on Sunday. You must draw the line somewhere."

"Yaas," returned the boy as he landed a big fish on the wharf, "I am drawin' the line pretty lively this mornin', ain't I?"

Are Beautiful Women Happiest?

In my life I have known many women well. Among them is a fair majority of what the truly appreciative would call happy, for which fact I thank God, as it has helped me to take, on the whole, a hopeful view of life as well as human nature. Now, are those women, blessed as many of them are with devoted husbands, cheerful homes, cultivated society, and leisure for the exercise of any special talent they may possess, beautiful women? With one or two exceptions, no. Indeed, more than a few of them are positively plain, if feature only is considered, while from the rest I can single out but two or three whose faces and figures conform to any of the recognised standards of physical perfection. But they are loved, they are honored, they are deferred to. While not eliciting the admiration of every passer-by, they have acquired through the force, the sweetness, or originality of their character, the appreciation of those whose appreciation confers honor and happiness, and, consequently, their days pass in an atmosphere of peace and good will which is far above the delirious admiration accorded to the simply beautiful, as the placid shining of the sunbeam is to the phenomenal blaze of an evanescent flame. *Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Erie Railway Flyer to New York.

Leaving Toronto at 2.50 p.m., is the best train to New York, arriving at 8.20 a.m. Through parlor and sleeping car line.

A GUARANTEE CURE

When your children commence to complain of being sick cheer them up with

TOYS AND GAMES

FROM

ROSENBAUM'S BAZAAR

159 King St. East---at the Market

Armson & Stone.

ALL-SILK GAUZE---A good range of colors, only 50c.

A lovely range of colors in BENGALINE SILKS, 75c.

A special lot of SPOTTED SATINS, 25c

212 YONGE STREET

INFLUENZA

PURE EMULSION OF PALATABLE

COD LIVER OIL

WITH

Hypophosphites

Easily taken by invalids and children, and readily assimilated by the weakest stomach.

Highly recommended by the Medical Faculty as an efficient remedy in pulmonary affections.

Price 75c.

BINGHAM'S PHARMACY

100 Yonge Street

A. E. FAWCETT

Successor to C. Sheppard

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST

67 King Street West

Physicians prescriptions and family recipes accurately compounded. Telephone No. 13.

McARTHUR'S

BEEF, IRON AND QUININE WINE

A highly nutritious preparation combining the well-known tonic properties of Beef, Iron and Sherry Wine with Quinine (the active principle of Peruvian bark). In cases of Nervous Prostration or Extreme Debility arising from whatever cause its action is immediate, producing wonderful results. Specially valuable for convalescents after severe illness. Prepared only by

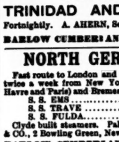
J. A. McARTHUR

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST

230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter St.

(R. A. Wood's Old Stand)

Telephone 419



WINTER TOURS

NASSAU, HAVANA, FLORIDA, NEW ORLEANS

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

72 Yonge St., Toronto

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

BERMUDA Sixty hours from New York Thursdays.

BARBADOES

TRINIDAD AND WEST INDIES

Fortnightly. A. AHERN, Sec. Quebec S.S.Co., Quebec.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, 72 Yonge St., Toronto

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

Fast route to London and Continent. Express steamers twice a week from New York to Southampton (London, Havre and Paris) and Bremen.

S. S. EMS.....Saturday, Feb. 1
S. S. TRAVE.....Wednesday, Feb. 5
S. S. FULDA.....Saturday, Feb. 8

Clyde built steamers. Palatial equipment. OELRICHS & CO., 2 Bowling Green, New York.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, 72 Yonge St., Toronto

CHOICE IMPORTED

Wines, Liquors, &c.

Rare old Islay and Cambeton Scotch Whisky, 8 years' old. Rare old Dunville and Jameson's Irish Whisky, 7 years' old. Full line of Wines—Champagnes, Ports, Sherries, Bordeaux, Tarragona. Full line of Gins—De Kupper's, Schiedam, Geneva and Old Tom. Full Line of Brandies, Liquers, Rum, Mineral Waters, Bass' Ale, Guinness' Porter.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

W. E. SHAVER

Telephone 1850. 2 Louisa Street

EVERY HOUSEHOLDER

SHOULD USE

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

The cheapest and most nutritious food obtainable, its force value as a food being three and a half times that of equal weight of beef.

GRAVINA

(Edwards' Gravy Powder)

Easily soluble, quickly cooked, less than five minutes being sufficient to produce an excellent gravy.

Cook book gratis and post free.

FRED'K KENG & CO., Ltd., Sole Manufacturers, Belfast and London, and 30 St. Sacrament Street, Montreal

W. A. MURRAY & CO.

Are now showing the Finest Stock of FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS ever shown retail in the Dominion. Although our Sales for October were the largest we have ever had, still our stock is too large, and with a view of largely reducing the same,

WONDERFUL BARGAINS

will be offered all THIS MONTH in Every Department. Every Lady in Town or Country will not only get the finest stock in the Dominion to choose from, but they will save money by doing their FALL AND WINTER SHOPPING at

W. A. MURRAY & CO.'S

17, 19, 21, 23, 25 and 27 KING STREET EAST, and 12 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO

FEBRUARY, 1890

During this month we are having a SPECIAL SALE. What does this mean for YOU? It is your chance to secure

RARE BARGAINS

In Seal Mantles and Jackets
In Persian Lamb Mantles and Coats
In Astracan Mantles and Fur-Lined Circulars
In Shoulder Capes of Seal, Beaver or Mink
In Fine, Long Fur Boas in Bearskin, Lynx, &c.

The finest and most complete stock in all Canada to select from.

JAMES HARRIS & CO.

99 Yonge Street, Toronto

DORENWEND'S

Hair Dressing Rooms

Is where the ladies of Toronto go to have their hair attended to.

Cutting, Shampooing, Singing, Dressing, &c.

Ladies attended to at their residences. Hair Dressing for Parties, Balls, Entertainments, Etc. Appointments can be made by telephone. Dorenwend also carries the largest stock of Hair Goods in Canada.

Ladies' Frontpieces, Bangs, Wigs, Switches, Etc.
Gents' Toupees, Wigs, Etc.

A. DORENWEND

Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge Street

TELEPHONE 1551.

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE

407 YONGE STREET 407

Specialty of making Hair Goods to order, on shortest notice, such as Ladies' Frontpieces of latest styles, Pompadours, Wavy Bangs, Puffs for dressing one's hair quickly and easily. All styles of hair goods, ready-made, of best quality and finish. Wigs for ladies and gentlemen made to order, best fitting; quality and finish guaranteed. Great choice of fine long Hair Switches, very short stems.

LADIES'

Hair Dressing for Balls, Soirees, Concerts, Photos, etc. Appointments should be made eight days in advance to be sure. Great choice of Hair Ornaments. Ladies' Hair Cutting, Singeing and Shampooing Rooms. Ladies waited upon at their own residences.

HAIR DYES AND DYED

In any color or shade, NODENE, easiest, quickest and safest remedy for removing Superfluous Hair and permanently destroying all growth. Sole agency.

Armand's Hair Store, 407 Yonge Street, 407 Toronto, Ont.

TRY OUR NEW PATENT

YATISI CORSET YATISI

CORSET

This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.

Crompton Corset Co'y

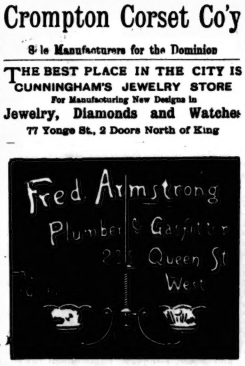
Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE

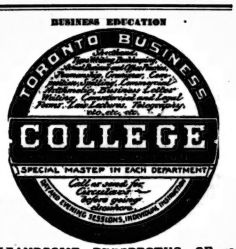
For Manufacturing New Designs in

Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches

77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King



BUSINESS EDUCATION



HANDSOME PROSPECTUS OF 42 large pages mailed by Sending Name and Address

Address J. M. CROWLEY, Manager, Cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets, Toronto, Canada.

For the—

Home circle.

Wherever there are young people there should be a piano. Go where you will and the piano takes the front rank as the central attraction of the home circle and the drawing-room.

In moving about in society the Mason & Risch pianos are found in the homes of our cultured citizens, where music is studied as an art, and where the piano is prized more than as a mere article of furniture.

If merit will influence you in selecting an instrument, if a material saving in cost over imported pianos of similar, or even inferior, grades, is an object, we confidently invite you to test our instruments.

Mason & Risch,

WAREROOMS:

32 King St. West.
653 Queen St West.
TORONTO.

INFADED INK

LEAVES FROM TWO OLD DIARIES.

The house itself is situated on the outskirts of the town, with the level white high-road, bordered on either side by alternate poplars and pollarded willows, running near the door. Flat marshy fields, gay in spring with marsh-marigolds and in autumn with pale lilac, stretch on either side of the highway beyond the poplars, with here and there a group of cattle feeding, a low-growing clump of trees, or a solitary white house to relieve the monotony of the scene; but otherwise the line of grassy land lies quite unbroken till it merges into the long chain of lofty mountains dim and shadowy in the purple distance.

To day I was returning from a solitary ramble along this road when the event occurred which has led to my opening this book again. When not more than a quarter of a mile from this house, I came upon two persons engaged in an animated quarrel. They were a miserable, repulsive looking, mishapen, ragged-clothed dwarf, of childish nature but mature age, and a little boy apparently about eight or nine years old. The cause of dispute was a dog, a finely-grown but half-starved animal of the Pyrenean breed, evidently the property of the cripple, and harnessed to a small hand cart loaded with large heavy stones, which was certainly too much for it to pull.

A shower of blows from a short thick stick was being directed by the dwarf upon the gaunt bony frame of the helpless animal; but more than half of these fell, utterly disregarded, upon the hands, arms, and even the uncovered fair head of the little boy, who struggled with all his might to save the dog from the obstinacy and ire of his infuriated master.

While the struggle was going on, the man was shouting out a string of vile oaths in an unpronounceable patois.

The combat of course was absurdly unequal; yet the child used all his puny strength with the most unflinching courage, and suddenly glancing in my direction, he loosed his hold upon the dog's harness, and, running up to where I stood, clung to my arm with both hands in the most imploring manner.

"You are big and have a stick!" he panted. "You can punish him well for beating this poor dog, who is not strong enough to drag all those great stones! Oh, do, pray, sir, make the man unload the cart! Oh, do—do! See—he is going to hit him again!"

The child's voice rose to a scream of excitement as he spoke, and he made another despairing attempt to hold the dwarf's upraised arm. It was plainly not a case where either threats or expostulations would be of any avail, the owner of the dog looking, if not quite, an imbecile; but the sight of a two-franc piece worked wonders, and the dwarf soon gave heed to our wishes. The cart was rapidly lightened of its overpowering weight—an operation in which my new acquaintance, greatly to the detriment of a clean holland sailor suit, most energetically assisted—and the little episode was thus brought to a peaceable termination.

As the dwarf with his dog and empty cart rattled off cheerfully enough in front of us in the direction of the town, the boy, who still lingered at my side, picked up his discarded cap that from the first had fallen off, and placing it upon the back of his head, thrust a small hot hand confidingly into mine.

"I will walk home with you if you like, sir," he remarked, with the perfectly frank, easy manner of a child unaccustomed to meet with any rebuff. "I am so glad we had the horrid dwarf unload the cart—weren't you? Mother says the peasants treat their animals shamefully. She says, if she was rich, she would try to get up a society like the Society in England for preventing cruelty. She loves horses and dogs and cats and everything—and so do I!"

"And who is your mother, pray, if you are you?" I asked, amused at the child's quaint manner and at the friendly fashion in which he trudged along by my side.

"Oh, I'm Cecil—Cecil Gresley, you know!" he answered promptly, raising a pair of lustrous, strangely familiar blue eyes with long sweeping lashes to my face as he spoke. "Mother's name is 'Fred'—at least, it's 'Elfreda' really, only that's such a long name, they're 'Fred' I like 'Fred' best, and so does she! but, since father died, there hasn't been any one to call her that of course!"

Nobody to call her "Fred!" Well, somehow or other I got rid of the boy—her boy—at the door of Beau Sejour, with a willing promise from him that he would come and spend an afternoon with me soon and stay to tea if I wished it, and groped my way in a kind of dream up the rather narrow staircase to my sitting room.

So we are near each other once more, my lost love and I! It is strange that during the whole ten years that have elapsed since I wrote her a little note at Grantham Manor to which she did not deign to reply, our paths have never crossed until to-day. Yet, after all, I have only myself to thank for it. Although by my own folly I forbade any answer but a favorable one to my appeal, I yet cherished a deep resentment against her for not sending me some acknowledgment of the letter. When one stakes so much upon one throw and it fails, life does not seem worth having for a long while afterwards. Even now, after all these years have passed, the prospect of meeting her even in such changed circumstances sets my heart throbbing madly; before, as the wife of another man, I feared it would have placed the continent of Europe between us, if I could, for ever!

No one to call her Fred! Ah, her father, poor old Sir John, who never guessed what had so estranged me from him, died five years ago; and her aunt Miss Harriet Grantham married, I remember, a gouty old governor-general, and went out to help him to keep some insignificant island in order. Her husband—— Yes; I did hear rumours, to which I always willfully shut my ears, that he had not turned out altogether a credit to his people. Yet such things are common enough, and, after all, h e was plainly the man of her choice—no one forced her into marrying him. Now she is a widow, and evidently living in this small out-of-the-way Pyrenean watering-place. Poor, I fear, poor darling, the spoilt child, for whom nothing could be too good or too costly! And the boy—what eyes he has—Freda's own! "If she was rich," he said. Gresley, I know, had little or nothing in the way of money; but Sir John Grantham was always supposed to be a man of wealth. She cannot surely be living here without a good income! Well, Madame Clemenceaux is sure to know all about them. I must pay an evening visit to Madame Clemenceaux, as she calls her kiosk, and find out what I can.

. . . . . .

Sitting on a queer little blue damask sofa in madame's den, with the scent of mignonette and a hundred other sweet-breathed flowers stealing in through the open green door, I have learned all she can tell me—all indeed that any one in Bagneres de Bigorre knows about the Gresleys.

They arrived here in the autumn of last year, just after I had left for Algiers, where I spent most of the winter, and took a small cheaply-furnished house at the other end of the town on the Tarbes road. Several of the neighbors called, but received only cards in return, the new arrivals declining all society on the plea of Mr. Gresley's ill-health. This, however, which was fully established by Monsieur's wasted appearance, did not prevent his passing most of his evenings at the town; in one of these, during a moment of excitement, he broke a blood vessel, from the effects of which accident he never rallied, dying about Christmas-time after a comparatively short illness.

Since then Madame—who, my informant remarked, was reputed to be "*belle et gracieuse comme une ange*," but whom she herself had never seen without a long crape veil—had lived on in the same little house with her child, a boy about nine years of age. As far as Madame Clemenceaux knew, had no intention of leaving Bagneres. Her son attended a class for English children conducted by the resident English clergyman of the place, and she herself continued to lead a most secluded life, apparently desirous of no companionship but that of her child. So far Madame Clemenceaux.

To-morrow I intend to pay a visit to the little villa on the Tarbes road.

HER STORY.

VILLA ROSINA, BAGNERES DE BIGORRE, Aug. 18, 18—.

Mr. Evelyn has been here.

How strange the words look now that I have written them, just as though it were an everyday occurrence! He has sat in

Her Friend.

"I don't see why there shouldn't be true friendship between two persons of opposite sex. It is perfectly disgusting, this nonsense about affinities and such foolishness. To hear the popular opinion one would believe that there can be no real friendship—it must be either utter indifference or love. Bah! a sensible woman can only—"

"Lecture like a regular virago," interposed Jack Lyell, glancing up from his newspaper with an amused twinkle in his mischievous brown eyes. "Althea, what in the world is the matter this morning? One would think to hear you rave that you have been hit badly. Who is it, sis? The long-haired professor, or Wayne St. John?"

Althea Lyell's eyes flashed.

"Wayne St. John, indeed!" disdainfully, and then Jack felt certain at once that it was Wayne St. John. "That is just what I am lecturing about. Mr. St. John and I have been friends, pleasant, sociable friends for a long time, and——"

"Exactly," interrupted the incorrigible Jack once more, "so very long that people naturally look for a termination of the friendship. It must end either in absolute annihilation or—in marriage."

For just a moment Althea stood still as death, her beautiful eyes fixed upon her brother's handsome face with utter incredulity, blank bewilderment in their depths. She was fairly stunned.

"Marriage!"—when at last she could find words—"but I don't want to be married, and to Wayne St. John least of all. Neither do I believe that he has ever thought of asking me to be his wife. We are good friends—no more."

Jack smiled skeptically.

"Then it's time that he did think of asking you, Althea—that's all. A man has no right to dance attendance upon a girl—a pretty girl like you—keeping all other suitors out of the field, and yet not intending to ask her to be his wife. It is a shame for St. John to expose you to the unkind comments of society."

"Jack! how dare you!" Pale as a lily and trembling like a leaf, Althea faced her brother, her dark eyes blazing with indignation. "Mr. St. John knows that—that—I—we are good friends, and that is all."

She looked as if she were about to break down, but choked back her emotion with an effort.

"Good friends!" Jack's face betrayed his opinion upon that point. "Friends, indeed! Ally, there is no truth in this nonsense about Platonic affection! Do not believe such foily for a moment. I never knew but one man who went in for platonics; vowed friendship—mere friendship—for a girl, and at the end of a year they were married! I have never known it to fail."

"You have never before seen an instance of true Platonic affection!" cried Althea, with great dignity. "Mr. St. John might marry some one else to-morrow, but I would still feel an interest in his welfare and remain his friend as now."

"Nice prospect for his wife!" growled Jack. "And, Ally, I shall warn any girl that St. John even engages himself to marry of the prospect in store for her."

And tossing the newspaper upon the table, Jack lighted a cigarette, and donning his hat, sauntered out into the warm spring sunshine, whistling softly a bar or two from Love's Young Dream.

There were tears in Althea Lyell's beautiful eyes.

"Marry! Marry, indeed! Wayne St. John! Why, he told me only last night that while he had my friendship—just a pure Platonic regard for each other—he would never care for any warmer attachment. Jack may sneer as much as he likes—he knows nothing of it—but I would rather have a good, kind friend, loyal and true, than to be engaged to the best man alive! While I have Wayne's friendship——"

Something checked her with a sudden, sharp pang. Would she always have his friendship? Might it not be, as Jack had cruelly suggested, that some day in the future—some dark, dreary day, the very thought of which made her shiver—Wayne St. John would find that he loved some fair, sweet girl, and what then would become of the Platonic affection for poor little Althea Lyell? It had never occurred to her in that light before; but Jack's insinuation in regard to Wayne's future wife—"that not impossible she"—and the implied displeasure which the girl-wife would naturally feel at the knowledge of a prior and Platonic affection for another woman, brought new thoughts into Althea's pretty head. Dear, dear! what complications might ensue, to be sure!

"But"—defiantly addressing herself—"he will not marry—not yet—not yet!"

Somehow, even that assurance failed to bring comfort. The idea had been presented to her, and it was hard to get rid of it. Yet, since there was only Platonic friendship between Wayne St. John and herself, surely the thought of his marriage should not have power to trouble her.

It was only a few days later that Jack entered the cosy parlor where his sister, all in white, with a knot of roses in the lace at her throat, sat busy with her embroidery.

"Heard the news!" in an earnest way, which made Althea glance up swiftly.

"No!"—as she shook her head. "Well, I should think your Platonic friend, St. John, would have been the first—since there is such thorough good fellowship between you—to announce his engagement."

Althea started, and the ball of crimson embroidery silk in her hand fell to the floor. "His engagement!" she faltered.

Jack threw himself into a seat.

"Just so, sis. He is going to marry Winnie Forsythe—you remember that pretty blonde whom we met at the Aldens' reception! She is rich, too, and I suppose that was an extra inducement. It will be a splendid match, waxing warm in his enthusiasm—"both young, of good family, and with plenty of 'tin'—if I may use a slang word. They are sure to be happy. Ally, why don't you say something?"

"Because I have nothing to say—only—only I hope he will be happy. Oh, Jack, he never told me a word! And he always declared that he would never marry."

And right there, as fate would have it, the door-bell rang, and Wayne St. John was announced. Jack arose and hastened from the room by another door.

"I'll leave them to their own devices," he muttered, but there was a guilty look upon his face as he disappeared.

Wayne St. John came into the room—a fine-looking man, with resolute blue eyes and wavy brown hair. After a few desultory remarks, Althea plucked up courage to glance into his face.

"Allow me to congratulate you," she said, timidly. "I hope you will be happy—only—Wayne! Wayne! why did you not tell me? It would have been kinder in you!"

He was gazing into her perturbed countenance with eyes full of blank amazement.

"Tell you—what, Althea, my own dear little friend? You hope I may be happy! Why, that sounds like—— Ally, who has been talking to you?"

"Jack. He told me just now of your engagement to Winnie Forsythe."

"Althea! Good heavens! Jack shall settle with me for this! It is a shame! Miss Forsythe is going to marry my cousin, and that wretched Jack knows it; but I suppose the opportunity for a practical joke was too good to be lost. No, Althea, I am not going to marry any one, unless——"

"Well, sis, when is the wedding to be? Did St. John tell you all about it, *à la* Platonic friend? What in the world are you blushing for? Ally, I know there is something in the wind. Come, now, confess."

Althea's eyes shone like stars.

"Yes; Wayne St. John is to be married on the first of June, and you are to be the best man, and I am to be——"

"What?"

"Bride! Oh, Jack! Jack! It was all a mistake about Winnie Forsythe. She is engaged to Wayne's cousin; but Wayne cares for me, and has cared for a long time, and so I have promised to be his wife.

"Humph! And what about the Platonic friendship?" persisted Jack, mischievously.

Althea blushed furiously.

"Jack"—in a solemn voice, her great dark eyes fixed upon his face—"it is all a delusion and a snare! Love lurked behind all that pretty pretense with which we deluded ourselves. There is no such thing in the world as Platonic affection!"

"And yet," muttered Jack, *sotto voce*, "if it had not been for my little invention regarding a certain marriage to a certain Miss Winnie Forsythe, they might never have found out the truth."

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.]

Jumbo.—Practical, decisive and witty.

Eoo.—Original, self-reliant and selfish.

Mauve.—Impulsive, selfish and energetic.

Pinnloper.—Energy, impulse and wilfulness.

Josephine.—Sincere, practical and persevering.

Clementina.—Energetic, ambitious and selfish.

Kathleen V.—Energetic, reserved and ingenious.

Hoyland.—Self-reliant, original, hopeful and prudent.

Olive.—Self-assertive, ambitious, politic and persevering.

Manola.—Romance of feeling, wilful ness and carelessness

Muriel, Lindsay.—Wilfulness, originality and self-est em.

J. Donald Ritchie.—Precision, thrifthulness and self-reliance.

Erin, Ottawa.—Sensitive, prudie, prudent, selfish and moody.

Emerald, Belleville.—Frank, prudent, kind-hearted and self-reliant.

Emma J.—Cautious, of a merry disposition and fairly persevering.

Gladys.—Originality, decl ion, self-will and a merry disposition.

Antoinette.—Frank, retiring of disposition and inclined to be indolent.

Pigou.—Self-reliance, impulse and energy are disclosed by this penmanship.

P.—Decision, self-esteem and a practical nature are exhibited by your writing.

Grace Graynor.—Wilfulness, vanity, order and perseverance are strongly marked.

Jessica.—Ambition, wilfulness and perseverance are the salient points of your character.

Constant Reader.—Your writing displays self-esteem fair decision a d good intuition.

Lewis.—Independence, carelessness and an easy-going disposition are strongly marked.

Jiffie Jib.—Your writing shows independence, strong imagination, tenderness and pride.

Rosalind.—Carelessness, a happy temperament and a large share of originality belong to you.

Kooran, Gotersh.—Self-will, decision, perseverance, pride and policy are the salient points in your character.

Tony.—Selfishness, self-esteem and self-will are strongly marked. You have also perseverance and a hopeful nature.

Mac, Galt.—The diphthong is a long "e" and except when there is a diaresis all will follow this example. Reserved, decisive and persevering.

Freda.—I do no think the mind has anything to do with it. Certainly. Your writing denotes a methodical nature, prudence, self-reliance and dec sion.

McGinty of Guelph.—George W. Peck, editor of the Milwaukee Sun, is the author of Peck's Bad Boy and A Bad Boy's Diary. Your writing displays self-will, fair perseverance, considerable egotism and a hopeful nature.

Sibyl.—I trust you have not grown tired waiting for an answer. Each letter must wait its turn for a reply and sometimes the turn is long in coming. Your writing shows energy, kindness of heart, reserve, a little price and a hasty temper.

Pauline, Barrie.—Original, warm-hearted, frank and practical. You do not say in what way the compound is to be benefited. If the skin is dry, it requires one treatment; if too oily, quite another. Write me again fully. For the eyelashes use cocoanut oil, rubbing it well in with the fingers.

Jacosta, Woodstock.—It would not be wrong, but would it not be best to let them make the imitation movement? Cocoanut oil is said to darken the lashes and brows. A careful clipping of the tips of the eyelashes will often tend to increase their thickness.

Charlie G., Stratford.—Are you a lunatic, or do you think I am? Put up your dollar or call in next time you visit Toronto and I'll astonish you; I'll guarantee. I think you are conceited, a little selfish, determined rather inclined to exaggerate and quite ambitious. No, I would not say you was sensitive.

W. J. L.—Isaac Pitman's is the oftenest recommended, and, I think, the most extensively used system of shorthand. 2. Yes, but special fitness for the work is required. 3. I think the work rather heavy, but a good workman commands good pay. Your writing shows ambition, vanity, energy and a practical nature.

Student.—Have you been discussing your traits of character with Mr. Influenza, and was that why you wrote me directly after his departure? It is quite significant, I'd tell you. You are doubtless decisive, practical, a little egotistic and, in common with most people, rather fond of being appreciated to the extent of compliments.

Inquirer, Woodstock.—An ammonia solution carefully used corrects excessive greasiness of the face, but is rather apt to render the skin harsh. Try borax water instead, and attend to the diet. Yes, salts of tartar will render the hair light, but I would not recommend you to use it. It will be sure to injure it, by making it brittle.

Minnie, Barrie.—Hang a muslin bag in the cage filled with sulphur, or blow some powder among the feathers, using the small bellows sold for the purpose. If your teeth are stained with fruit or iron, soda will whiten them. It is not to be recommended though, except for occasional use. I think that any dentifrice is injurious if employed constantly. Mix one of camphorated chalk at least twice, and brush the teeth at least twice a day, and, if possible, after each meal. Your writing denotes sincerity, ambition and self-reliance.

The New Servant.

Little Elsie—Ma, dear, our new servant is a very untidy person.

Mother—What makes you think so?

Elsie—Only fancy; she gets into bed with her teeth and her hair-plait!

Left Thomas Out.

A number of book men were relating professional anecdotes one night.

About twenty years ago, said one of them, I was employed with the Lippincotts. Mr. Thos. Hughes was at the time being lionized very extensively, and when he came down to Philadelphia, of course he came to see the great publishing house, and was shown all over it. After he had inspected the whole establishment, and expressed his surprise and gratification, the head of the house took him by the arm and said:

"Now, Mr. Hughes, I want to show you one of the greatest publications—Allibone's Dictionary. It contains the name of and some information concerning every author of any account in England and America. Now let us see, for example, what it says about Mr. Thomas Hughes."

So he turned to H., and lo! the name of the author of Tom Brown's Schooldays wasn't there. It is one of the oddest coincidences that the only serious omission in this great work should have been discovered in this accidental way.

Unpatented Fuel Economiser.

Professor (inspecting the apartments of the students)—It is dreadfully cold here! How do you manage to put up with it?

Student—Ah, professor! we have only to think of the exam. and we begin to perspire!

Anatomy Made Easy.

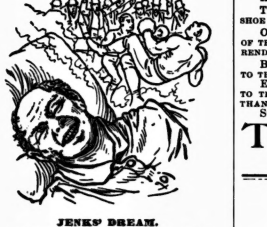
Young Medical Student (to his sweetheart)—Do you know, Julia, that the human heart is equal to the lifting of 120 pounds every twenty-four hours?

Julia (demurely)—Well, that's just my weight.

He Was Making Progress.

"How are you getting along in the Masonic lodge, Cumso?"

"O; I m moving upward by degrees, Fangle."



JENKS' DREAM.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prize-fighters' ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion who met and deliberately knocked over, one by one, a score or more of big, hurly-looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size, the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drastic pill on the market, that Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or tiny Sugar-coated Granules, easily "knock out" and beat all the big pills hollow! They are the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills.

Beware of imitations, which contain Poisonous Minerals. Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are Little Sugar-coated Pills, or Anti-bilious Granules. **One a Dose.**

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They are gently laxative, or strongly cathartic, according to size of dose. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

FLORENCE KNITTING SILK

This is now much used for fringe and for tassels, as its "soft finish" renders it superior to other silk for this purpose. It will not untwist and become frayed in wear.

Those elegant costumes seen in the show rooms of our leading merchants are often tastefully "Feather stitched" by hand. Examination shows that the work is done with No. 300 Florence Knitting Silk, thus securing beauty, durability and economy. Every enterprising dealer sells it, but if your dealer does not have it in stock, send the price (75c. per oz ounce—30c. per ball) in postage stamps to

Corticelli Silk Co., St. Johns, Que.

and you will receive it by return post.

Inopportunity.

Mrs. Wheely—Doan' be clappin' now, you Connaught foot. Cammilly do be dyin'.
Mrs. Wheely (who expected to see some jig dancing)—Thot's pfwhat Oi 'm glad av I—*Puck.*

Poor Man.

Mrs. Wickwire—So the poor little fellow is teething, is he? Well, it's hard to say who it is the worst on, you or the baby.

Mrs. Figg—I think Mr. Figg suffers the most annoyance.

Mrs. Wickwire—You don't mean to say that he helps you to take care of the little fellow at night?

Mrs. Figg—No, indeed. But he thinks it is his duty to lie awake and swear while I am walking the floor.—*Terre Haute Express.*

He Was.

Stranger (meeting old friend in New York)—How do do? Still living in New York, eh?"

Good Native, "Why, I've had half a dozen narrow escapes from vehicles, subway explosions and dead wires)—Y-e-s—still living.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Papa's Credit Was Bad.

Stranger—My little man, do you know where I can purchase some bed tick?

Little Man—They ain't no place in town, sir.

"O, there must be!"

"Well, anyway, I heard pa tell ma that he couldn't get none!"—*Time.*

A Host in Himself.

New Boarder (at winter resort)—Do you call this bleak, forsaken place crowded? I thought that you advertised that there was a perfect host here every winter!

Landlord (blandly)—Yes, indeed; I am the perfect host, and my wife is a perfect hostess.

The Crucial Test.

Maine Lawyer—What is your opinion of the character of Deacon Blank?

Witness (cautiously)—I never heard nothin' agin him.

"Don't you know him to be an honest man?"

"Well, he's been fair an' square in all his dealin's with me, and with others as far as I know."

"Isn't that sufficient to prove him a man of sterling integrity?"

"Well, I dunno. I never traded hosses with him."

Dream Within Dream.

It was this very day of all the year,
Down the steep cliff-sides dappled green and grey,
We went, we two alone, the seaward way—
So long, ah me, so long ago, my dear!—
With hearts that beat so fond, we scarce might hear
The sobbing wave, the blue of sibilant spray,
Nor mark the tawny, tossing tide that lay
Washing the reedy rock-sides straight and sheer.
The long ferns trembled at the cleft abyss;
I plucked the tufts of samphire as we went.
"*Ils lassez me*—*lorez me mai*," what word was this
Dreamed in the autumn sunlight somnolent?
And lo! another dream with mine was blent,
"I love you!"—at the threshold of a kiss.

"'Tis a Feat to Fit the Feet."

An impossibility in many cases, where dealers sell only inferior shoes.

The art of fitting the feet is simple, provided you have the RIGHT kind of shoe to begin with.

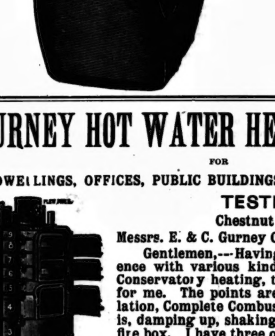
Our imported English shoes are wonderfully adaptable. The peculiar shape of the shoe, the soft textire of the leather, the flexibility of the entire shoe, render it very easy to secure a perfect fit for almost any foot.

Boots that fit are always shapely; they wear longer, secure perfect comfort to the feet, do not wear out the stockings, and never produce corns.

Every man or boy who can afford to pay $4 to $6 for a pair of shoes ought to try one pair of our English shoes. He'd pay $10 for the second pair rather than wear any other.

Store closes at 6:30 during winter months.

THOS. KENNEDY & CO.
186 Yonge Street



H. E. Clarke & Co.

105 King St. West

HAVE RECEIVED FRESH CONSIGNMENTS OF

Toilet Brief and Dressing BAGS, &c.

GURNEY HOT WATER HEATING SYSTEM

FOR

DWELLINGS, OFFICES, PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND CONSERVATORIES

TESTIMONIAL

Chestnut Park, Toronto, Oct. 2, '89.

Messrs. E. & C. Gurney Co., Toronto.

Gentlemen,—Having had thirty years' experience with various kinds of Hot Water Boilers for Conservatory heating, the Gurney Boiler is the one for me. The points are as follows: Quick Circulation, Complete Combustion, Easily Controlled—that is, damping up, shaking, no trouble in cleaning out fire box. I have three of them in my charge and am well satisfied with them. I may also add that by the use of your Boiler we save much fuel.

Yours truly, GEO. VAIR,
Gardener and Steward for Sir D. L. Macpherson.

THE E. & C. GURNEY CO. LTD.
494 King Street West, Toronto

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK HEAD ACHE

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD ACHE

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The Latest Novels

A LIFE'S REMORSE	By The Duchess
ARMINELL	By S. Baring Gould
"ASTARTE"	By Alfred Delvan

Canadian Copyright Editions AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPY
TORONTO

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Its Durability and ease of manipulation are admitted. Recent speed tests have proven it to be the fastest writing machine in the world. If interested, send for full report

GEO. BENGOUGH, 36 King Street East

SOLID GOLD PLATED.

To introduce our Watches, Jewelry, &c., for 60 days we will send the fine, heavy gold-plated Ring to any address on receipt of 25 cents (silver or stamps); and will also send free our nineteenth Catalogue of Watches, Jewelry, &c., with special terms and inducements to agents. This Ring is a very fine quality, warranted to wear for years, and is about gold tested, and is only offered at 25 cents for 60 days to introduce our goods. Order immediately, and get a genuine Ring for 25 cents. CANADIAN WATCH AND JEWELRY CO., 37 & 39 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

The Toronto Saturday Night

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. III] TORONTO, FEB. 15, 1890. [No. 12

At St. John the Divine.

It was a little more than a week ago that I visited this hospital on Major street. In company with a lady who had once been a patient there, I waited in the little bare-floored reception room for the coming of the reverend mother. Presently she entered—a graceful woman of probably five-and-forty years. She wore the garb of the sisterhood—somewhat nun-like, but much prettier, on account of the dainty little white cap under the black veil.

As she greeted me she said with some amusement, "I am so relieved, for I concluded that the newspaper representative whom Mrs. —— asked permission to bring was a man."

We followed her into her sitting-room and, after chatting for a few moments, set out on a tour of the building.

It is a dreadful thing to be ill—to be taken out of the round of life which we learn to love and study to perfect. It is hard to suffer, but, oh! how much brighter the darkened lives are made by such attention as nursing in such comfortable rooms. We shrink from the word "hospital"; we prate of home comforts and the touch of our kinsfolk's hands, but it seems to me that an institution so carefully directed, so perfectly equipped and provided with trained nurses, must be better. There one cannot find fault, and the only exertion possible is to make a serious business of getting well.

It is an Episcopalian sisterhood, yet non-sectarian as far as patients are concerned. Women only are admitted, and no contagious diseases are taken. The private wards are costly-furnished, the semi-private as comfortable as one could wish, and even the large ward, with its accommodation for ten persons, is very pleasant. The light is good in all the rooms and the greatest care is taken to have an aspect of cheerfulness, brightness and beauty prevail in all details.

I was favored with a glimpse of the china closet. The pretty cups and saucers and the daintily-colored plates, the delicate little services for cream and sugar, were calculated to inspire any invalid with a love for the life which had so much beauty in it.

The medicine pantry is a good feature. It has all the appliances for the administration of medicine. The glasses are here, and here they are cleansed after use. The reverend mother unlocked a cupboard and, as she took out bottles with various colored and evil-smelling compounds were exhibited, asked if she should give us some refreshment. We declined with all earnestness and hastened away.

A cosy sitting-room at the end of the corridor invited hearty expressions of appreciation, and glimpses of the convalescent patients went far to strengthen my good opinion of the hospital. The kitchen, the cellar and the store room were all visited, and each appeared perfect. The operating room, with its white draped table, thrilled me with an odd sensation of fear, and I turned quickly away.

The linen closet is well filled and abounds with dainty trifles in table napery calculated to rest weary eyes and to cheer sad hearts into an appreciation of the beautiful.

The lady associates are a band of women numbering nearly seventy-two, admitted to religious service, give to the sisterhood's various charities much of their time, money and work, remaining the while outside the order. The vow of celibacy is taken, but not until after the age of twenty-six, and not then unless a certain number of years in the order is completed. Until the last service the sisters wear white veils, the black ones being the mark of full sisterhood.

The next place we visited was the chapel. The afternoon service was just over, and two white-veiled sisters had remained to pray in the still, dim room. The small place of worship is carefully fitted and looks very pretty, and oh! so restful in the dim light which falls down on the polished floor from richly-colored windows.

There is, to many persons, a charm in the contemplation of a life in so quiet a place—where one rules and the rest obey. With gentle hands, soft voices, noiseless footsteps, the business of the day is carried forward. It may be that dissenting voices cry against the form, but when one thinks of the form these sisters have left outside the walls, surely it must be conceded that, to all the pleasantness, to all aids to routine work, to all the halo of romance which can be thrown about their duty-devoted lives, they have an unquestionable right.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

Music.

DEAR METRONOME.—Among the rather original and absurd conclusions arrived at by your Port Hope correspondent who presumes to the *nom de plume* of Fair Play, there is one which suggests a passing thought. It is quite evident that Fair Play is associated and familiar with a different species of organists than those mentioned by Mr. Torrington as among the promoters of the C. O. (Canada). That particular order of organists who are pleased to accept and retain positions "anywhere, and I may add anyhow," (how caustic!) that is if they possess sufficient ability to secure an appointment under any conditions whatever, are not to be found among the Honorary Fellows of the C. O. (Canada), at least not unless I have been cruelly deceived as to their musicianly and manly qualities. Neither are they possessed of that passive gentle disposition which will consent to being "tossed about like an india-rubber ball" at everybody's pleasure, a policy which generally results in the poor victim being pitchforked out of his position into the gutter! How "docile and amiable" for instance are the organists in our own city, connected with the C. O. (Canada), who are successfully filling leading positions here! We feel ourselves moved to tears of pathetic sympathy at the thought!

The chief qualifications of successful organists it appears to me should be the possession of undoubted practical musical ability, and of those firm but gentlemanly qualities which command the respect and secure the co-operation of those with whom they are associated musically. Fortunately for the future prosperity of the C. O. (Canada), the gentlemen comprising its FoundationFellows are not of the class who would descend to the vacillating and effeminate policy which the experience and observations of Fair Play suggest as being of so much importance in the retaining of a position—a policy which, it sometimes proved to be the artistic ruination of otherwise capable musicians.

Yours very truly,
COMMON SENSE.

TORONTO, Feb., 1890.

SIR,—It has been my pleasure to receive a copy of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT of a late issue, in which my attention has been especially drawn to an evident discussion going on through the medium of your columns anent that recently founded institution known as the College of Organists (Canada.) Personally I am averse to such discussions, but as a professional musician holding the F. C. O. (Canada) diploma, I have ventured in justice to myself to add to what has already been said. The College of Organists (Canada) I take it, is not a mine sprung upon the public at a moment's notice, neither is it formed as a sort of "mutual admiration society." Amongst musical circles in England the founding of the Canadian College is a well known fact, Dr. Bridge (the organist of Westminster Abbey and examiner for English F. C. O.) having spoken upon the subject at the last distribution of F. C. O. degrees held in London. Dr. Bridge was pleased to wish the sister institution across the water every prosperity and success. Such good wishes coming from so eminent a musician as Dr. Bridge can, I think, gainsay any unkind insinuations on the part of musicians resident in Canada, who, instead of trying to injure the college by petty feelings of jealousy should, for the sake of their art, be above such conduct.

In conclusion, it is ever a source of much meditation to me to try and account for the fact that musicians cannot work together for the love of their art and the advancement of public good without this everlasting "backbiting." I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Fisher but I do know Mr. Torrington, and his reputation is such in this part of Canada as to command the respect and confidence of all competent musicians, I remain,

Obediently yours,
CHAS. A. E. HARRISS, F.C.O. (Canada).
MONTREAL, February, 1890.

MY DEAR METRONOME,—I have been reading with much interest a controversy that has appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT during the last four or five weeks respecting the status of a College of Organists promoted or about to be promoted in Toronto by a Mr. Torrington who appears to be supported by about twenty or more organists in Canada, and who have decided to adopt a title, viz., F. C. O. of Canada, with a right of degree conferring power.

On examination of the letters of Messrs. Arthur Fisher, Torrington, Vogt, Jeffers, Aldous and the criticisms by Fair Play, it appears to me that after sifting the whole controversy and look at it from a most dispassionate light, Mr. Arthur Fisher has simply written deprecating this College of Organists as established on its present basis from a purely professional view, at the same time appearing to have an earnest desire to assist such an organization, but with a strong disapproval of the methods adopted to establish it. The ideas of the gentlemen refering in reply to the two letters of Mr. Arthur Fisher, with the exception of Mr. Aldous, seem to me to be strongly tinged with virulent abuse, and where their arguments fail, resort to belittling degrees conferred on Mr. Fisher in England, although, remarkable to relate, the same gentlemen are supporters of a college with degree conferring powers here.

Now, sir, as a lover of music, but professing no livelihood out of it, I desire to be informed as one of the general public (upon whom musicians depend for support and existence) where am I to look for a teacher of my children by a gentleman holding degrees of proficiency in his profession in England and Canada, or others who simply sign themselves organist of this church or the other? Mr. Aldous' remarks on Mr. Fisher's letter appear to me to be most reasonable, and have I or omitted himself to this scheme he has placed his views of the College of Organists in a very sensible manner. He states: "I was one of those who assisted to establish a foundation Fellow, but have not the slightest intention of using the title until I have fairly earned it by examination, and I think other Foundation Fellows would wise to do the same, for it is the only way to substantially meet Mr. Fisher's somewhat just accusation." In the face of this, Mr. J. C. Jeffers, signing himself organist of the Central Methodist Church, writes, on the first of this month: "A strict inquiry was held to the ability of the organists on the list, and some twenty were singled out and made Fellows, with the governing power in their hands." Here we have two contradictory statements from F. C. O's. What are the confiding public to do? One Fellow says he will not adopt the title until he has passed an examination, while another Fellow calmly appropriates to himself the distinguishing letters F. C. O.

It is with reluctance that I have committed myself to print, but I really do think that when there appears to have been a systematic mode of attack made on a gentleman, who, having legitimately acquired several degrees (and who, as far as I can understand, is high up in his profession, and will be an acquisition to advance that profession), has dared to place his remarks in print, there is but little or no reason why he should have brought down upon himself the wrath of several who have been so unfortunate as to be unable or incapable of attaining the position and titles Mr. Fisher has acquired. With the exception of the support of Mr. Aldous and Fair Play of Port Hope, Mr. Fisher has had to bear the brunt of the attack.

ANTI-HUMBUG.

TORONTO, February, 1890.

DEAR METRONOME,—My attention has been again drawn back to the very interesting and lively discussion in SATURDAY NIGHT relative to the foundation of a College of Organists, with Mr. F. H. Torrington as chairman of the board. As a lover of music I have taken great interest in the discussion, and in order not to be biased either on one side or the other, I took the trouble to look into the by-laws and regulations of the proposed College of Organists, in order to find out whether Mr. Arthur Fisher was justified in making his letter, and in showing up the so-called "humbug" of the whole concern. After carefully reading over the constitution and by-laws of the proposed College I was much struck with the absurdity of the whole affair, and a greater piece of musical slap-trap of too ambitious pretensions never existed, and if Mr. Arthur Fisher is successful in effectually showing the long suffering public the weak points of the "fortress," he will be doing a good action both to the musical profession and to the public in general.

The chief ambition of the members of the College of Organists (in embryo) seems to be to dub themselves F. C. O., without taking the trouble to pass any examination to show that they are fit for the same, and to virtually steal a title which, by right of usage, belongs to the College of Organists, London, England. It is all very well to add Canada after it, but what guarantee have we that this will be done in every case? Then again, it is to be presumed that the Foundation Members of the College of Organists (Canada) are capable of judging the merits and demerits of those who may offer themselves for any future examination that the authorities may see fit to devise. Have the majority of these "fellows" shown by any examination at all that they are so capable?

It is quite time that the public, who are after all the main supporters of the musical profession, should be made aware of what titles and what degrees in music are worth, and also those that are worthless. It is only just and fair to those musicians who work hard in their profession and who voluntarily offer themselves for examination to obtain degrees and diplomas that are hard to obtain, and which it is an honor to hold, should have all the benefit that those degrees can obtain for them. The title of F. C. O., (Canada) is necessarily at present worthless, and under the present regularions must be so for some time, as the College is only a private concern and not an incorporated institution, and the list of F. C. O (Canada) has in one case been publicly repudiated by a prominent member of the College, until such time as he should earn it by examination. Facts speak for themselves. I believe I am right in stating that the title has been used by a Toronto musician appended to advertisements and also to his compositions, almost before the College had sent out its initial papers. In this particular instance, what and how much does the title or titles used guarantee? It is to be very much regretted that a gentleman of Mr. Torrington's position in the musical world should lend himself to push and in fact become the prime mover of such an outrageous piece of musical charlatanry. Go ahead, Mr. Arthur Fisher, and show them and all such humbugs up. I enclose my card, and subscribe myself

ONE OF THE PUBLIC.

TORONTO, Feb., '90.

I am glad to see that the friends of the Canadian College of Organists are beginning to use the term "Honorary Fellows," as shown in the letter of Common Sense given above. Had this been done at the outset, and by the gentlemen most directly interested, much discussion that has been well-meant in the interest of honest work in the field of organ playing, though occasionally approaching that warmth which is expressive of extreme earnestness, would have been avoided. A good deal of argument has been made use of on both sides, with the result of making it pretty clear that the self-ordained acquisition of degrees, or the flaunting of initials supposed to bear in themselves a mysterious weight and recognition of the public acknowledgment of the musical scholarship and technical excellence of the wearer, is not by any means meeting with the approval of those who are not among the self-elected elect.

After all due allowances are made for the disappointment of those who were not invited to label themselves in this manner, it must be felt by those who are interested in the matter that it would have been better for the Fellows of the Canadian College who are now enjoying this distinction to have claimed only the honorary grade, leaving the distinction of Fellow, pure and simple, to be worn by those whose ambition and talents have equipped them to an extent to win by force of these powers what others may be the recipient of on the ground of good will and good fellowship. As a storm clears the air, so this discussion will have done good, and a proper value will have been placed upon the initials F. C. O. (Canada). A good deal of space has been given in this column to this matter, which must now be considered closed.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Minnie Maddern gave us a glimpse of her better self when she appeared in her old success, In Spite of All, last week. In the little domestic tragedies of that clever play she shows what she is capable of doing. She is full of quiet power—of art that is not art. It is not demonstrative. It does not fill the theater with clamor and frantic raving. It is subtle—so subtle that most of it is lost on the pachydermatous spectator. It is made up of little things that have to be watched to be seen. Only the observant eye discerns the perfection of its completeness. For instance, in the play I have mentioned there is a scene where Edith is taking leave of Mrs. Clendenning after having arranged to prevent her husband's elopement with the actress. He turns for a moment and makes some final remarks. More than half the audience are looking at him—where the sound comes from. Minnie Maddern as Mrs. Clendenning sits by a table at the other side of the stage facing the audience. She places no handkerchief to her eyes. There is no convulsive sobbing or wringing of hands, no tearing a passion to tatters. But the story of repressed pain that shines in her tearful eyes and speaks in the nervous biting of the lip never fails to attract a reciprocal moisture to the eyes of those who note it. This is but one instance of the delicacy of art that was lost on many people. The many admirers of her acting in Toronto will hear with regret that it is very probable Miss Maddern will not play again in this city. Her marriage to Harrison Grey Fiske, editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*, is announced to take place soon, after which she intends to retire from the stage, or at any rate, not to play outside of New York.

The passing show this week has been light. Mr. J. B. Polk, in The Silent Partner, proved favorably at the Grand on Monday. This is a very clever comedy. At intervals it breaks into farce, but steadies back again in legitimate tracks. The story is of a young lawyer, Sydney Backus, who, in order to make a pretentious-sounding firm name, invents a fictitious partner, whom he calls Nemo. Nemo is always conveniently absent when called for. But though a name has been given a world of trouble. Backus is in love with Mabel Van Cott, daughter of Hon. Peter Van Cott of the consolidated soap trust, and she is in love with him. Jeff Barclay, a man of the world and an unscrupulous friend of Backus, also loves Mabel. He is jealous of Backus. Backus reads to him a letter he received from a young lady with whom he had flirted at Newport. He also reads the letter unconsciously into a phonograph which stands close at hand. Barclay resolves to use this letter to separate Backus and Mabel, but he is anticipated by the phonograph when Backus begins to show his sweetheart how it works. Barclay, being in desperate straits for money, steals a thousand from Hon. Peter, and endeavors to throw the blame on Backus. But after stealing it he unwittingly counts it beside the phonograph, which turns up afterwards as his chief accuser. The plot thickens and gets absurdly complicated until finally Backus is accused of having murdered Nemo for the money which the mythical partnership is supposed to have stolen. The idea of the fictitious partner is novel and its working out decidedly clever. The use of the phonograph is also a popular novelty and one that is likely to be extensively imitated in the near future. Mr. Polk gives a very pleasing impersonation of the leading role. His voice, facial expression and gesture are well suited to the character. Mr. S. M. Aiken as Peter Van Cott gave an excellent performance. Miss Helen A. Soule impersonated the character of Mabel Van Cott with much vivacity and skill though with a slight tendency at times to be too farcical. Miss Julia Polk as Tillie the typewriter was also clever. The rest of the company gave good support.

Nellie McHenry and her company played a three nights' engagement at the Academy of Music last week. They appeared in the well-known farce-comedy Green Room Fun. A little farce-comedy generally goes a long way even when it is fresh, but when it attains the age of Green Room Fun—well, it certainly does not improve. The average soubrette success is of short duration. Like the rest of us, the soubrettes feel the touch of old Father Time and have to succumb. Once in a while we see one more fortunate than her sisters who seems gifted with perennial youth, beauty, slenderness and vivacity, but this is the exception. Their average life as soubrettes is short. Nellie McHenry does not seem to be of the favored few. Much of her sprightliness and cunning has already fled and it would be well for her to essay something new before she is completely killed by comparison with her former self. Mr. W. H. Lytell ably sustained his reputation as a comedian, and was emphatically the main pillar of the support.

At Jacobs & Sparrow's this week Lilly Clay's gaiety company has been a strong source of attraction for men. The show has not proved to be so "loud" as was expected, and is no worse than half a dozen other spectacular shows that have been seen here during the season. It is, however, a spectacle, pure and simple, and the principal part of the spectacle is girl. The girl is cast, however, in very attractive surroundings, for the stage fittings are rich and elaborate, and she is, moreover, arrayed in garments rich in appearance, though very limited in quantity. And these are about all the spectacular show requires. Apart from this side of the show there is little to attract the public. The singing is only fair, the dancing anything but brilliant, and the jokes and puns without one redeeming feature. The two burlesque extravaganzas are the most utter rubbish that ever drove a man to drink.

Next week James H. Wallick will appear at Jacobs & Sparrow's in The Bandit King and Sam Houston. Of the latter play an American paper says: Houston the Texan is a play founded upon the historical scenes and incidents of the Texan revolution when she declared her independence from the Mexican yoke. The scenic effects are magnificent and historically correct, the costuming elegant, and the various characters in the hands of actors who have made these historic personages their especial study. Among the features will be a mounted band of Texan rangers and a battery of artillery. Mr. Wallick appears as General Sam Houston and he will be supported by his wife and a company of capable actors. Upwards of one hundred persons and horses are engaged during the action of the play.

The Ontario Township.

The first number of a series of studies in Political Science, under the editorship of Prof. Ashley of Toronto University, has just appeared. It is on The Ontario Township, and, as is made manifest in the editor's introduction, is a step in the direction of bringing Political Science out of the mist of useless abstraction and putting it in immediate touch with the everyday action of the people. The essay itself is the work of Mr. J. M. McEvoy, one of Prof. Ashley's pupils, and a thoughtful student of political subjects. Having from his youth been reared in an atmosphere of municipal politics, Mr. McEvoy has acquired a knowledge of this subject rarely found in a man of his years and this knowledge he has supplemented with careful research in the compilation of this pamphlet. The historical sketch of the growth of our early municipal system is full of useful and interesting information. Perhaps the most interesting part for Canadians, however, is the author's criticism of existing municipal institutions which are thought by some to be out of date. Among these it might be noticed that the present system of Statute Labor is claimed to be, in advanced townships, not now an efficient or wise means of taxation. The town ship collector is paid to get only 5 per cent. or 10 per cent. at most of the taxes, when making his rounds, as the people usually bring their taxes to him at a later date. For this reason it is suggested that the office be amalgamated with that of township treasurer. Mr. McEvoy's discussion of the present mode of conducting county business, viz., by a body of township officers called the County Council, puts the necessity for reform in that part of our municipal institutions in straightforward and forcible manner. In the conclusion of the pamphlet the author's patriotism is seen to glow for a moment as he points out with evident pride the fact that Prof. Bryce's stricture to the effect that professional politicians largely manipulate township and county elections in parts of the United States would not be at all true if applied to our independent, self-reliant, fearless citizens of Ontario. The study of our own institutions is a subject that has been too long neglected and if this series keeps up the promise of its commencement it cannot but bear good fruit.

Cruelty to the Blind.

"There goes young Dolley, riding a horse that can't see," remarked Gazzam.

"It isn't the first time that he has straddled the blind," replied Maddox.

The First Valentine.

For Saturday Night.

'Tis sai i in France's sunny clime,
Long, long ago,—for passed has time
In years and centuries four—
There languished 'reft of all de light
A wounded, weary English knight,
Captive from Agincourt.

Though victory gained wou'd ransom bring,
Ha hopes were not in England's king:
But Merrie England kept
His queen,—and we will paint her fair
With eyes of blue and golden hair—
Who for him prayed and wept.

A missive bold he blushed to pen,
So wrought a prettier pillinge then,
Illuminating bright
All Cupid former and subtle darts,
We fancy, too, a pair of hearts,
To please the lady's sight.

Attendants vote the knight inspired,
To emulate the camp is fired;
And honors'ed bound this favor sweet
Passed gaily through the lines.

Ah! gallant knight and lady fair,
Thy loves we trust were free from care,
May ours be blest as thine!
Yet we are sad, we know not why,
And pensively we give a sigh
To that first valentine.

IDRIS.

In a Garden.

Pale is the pallid moonlight,
White as the rose on her breast,
She stood in the fair rose garden
With her shy young love confessed.

The roses climbed to kiss her;
The violets, purple and sweet,
Breathed their despair in the fragrance
That bathed her beautiful feet.

She stood there, stately and slender,
Gold hair on her shoulders shed,
Clothed all in white like the visions,
When the living behold the dead.

There, with her lover beside her,
With life and wish love she thrilled—
What mattered the world's wide sorrow
To her with her joy fulfilled?

Next year, in the fair rose garden
He waited, alone and dumb,
If perchance, from the silent country,
The soul of the dead would come;

To comfort the living and loving
With the ghost of a lost delight,
And thrill into quivering welcome,
And pass without one rendering feature. The
two burlesque extravaganzas are the most
utter rubbish that ever drove a man to drink.

Stood a shadow
Slipped through his feverish hold.

But the voice had said. "I love you,
With my first love and my last;"
Then again that wonderful music,
And he knew that her soul had passed.

Dated "February the 14th."

Blest be St. Valentine, his day,
That gives a man a chance to say
What shall his state of mind disclose
As much as though he should propose.

DEAR MAID: I'd offer you this minute
My hand, but lo! there's nothing in it.
Enmeshed my heart by your dear lures is,
But I'm forbid to ask where yours is.

And why? Why, dear, at twenty-three
A man is what he's going to be,
Futures are actual in one's head,
But issues in what women wed.
Clients nor patients, nor their fees,
Your slave at three-and-twenty sees,
And girls with nineteen-year-old blushes
Are birds he must leave in the bushes.

Yet somehow feelings don't agree
With circumstances: Look at me
With naught in hand and all to get,
Rapping at Fortune's gate—and yet
In spite of all I know, and see,
And listen to, I could not be
More hopelessly in love with you
If I were rich and sixty-two.

That's all: It's nothing that you'll find
Important, but it's off my mind.
If one must boil and keep it hid
The long year through, he blows the lid
Off once helps some, and one may gain
Patience therefrom to stand the pain
Until the calm lar's advance
Gives suffering hearts another chance.

Scribner's Magazine.

My Little Wife.

I love her for her willful ways,
Bright tears, impetuous words of praise;
For flashing anger's lightning fleet,
For questioning looks, for kisses sweet:
I love her when she laughs, and when
She frowns—Oh, how I love her then!

She is not prudent, meek or wise;
Not such a jewel as they prize
Who seek perfection in the form
Of lov ly woman. Sun and storm
And fire and frost in her combine:
But, oh, I'm very glad she's mine.

Her changing moods are hard to gauge—
Now wildly gay, now mildly sage,
Now brisk and busy all about,
Now fast asleep, now going out,
Now wiping tears away perplexed,
Next making tea, and singing next.

But she is at her loveliest best
When day is done and time for rest
Draws near, and sleep hangs in her eyes
Like waiting snow in wintry skies;
And when she kneels to say her prayer
My worldly heart kneels with her there.

M. S. BADGER in *Judge*.

Noted People.

Walt Whitman will be 71 years of age on the 31st day of next May.

Henry George is said to be one of the fastest type-writers in the United States.

Dom Pedro's grandson, Prince Augustus of Saxe-Cobourg, has been committed to an asylum.

Jules Verne is not Jules Verne's real name but the French form of his Polish patronymic, O'chewitz.

Miss Mary A. Dickens, grand-daughter of the novelist, this year wrote a Christmas story, entitled, A Social Success.

Mr. Gladstone has refused an offer made by a firm of American publishers of £6,000 yearly for all he writes for the public.

The late Empress Augusta left Queen Victoria a splendid gold bracelet containing the words "For ever" set in precious stones.

President Carnot of France has been spending his leisure time of late in translating Tennyson's Arthurian poems into French.

Frank Stockton is a wood carver. It was in deference to his father's practical views that he learnt the art, but he soon abandoned it for literature.

Miss Laura Daintrey, the novelist, will visit Norway in the spring, and will perhaps write some cooler novels after a season among the mountains and fiords.

Miss Fowler, the medical missionary to the lepers' hospital at Kalawas, says that she paid for her medical books and her supplies by type writing in an office in Paris.

The Count of Paris, father of the Duke of Orleans, contemplates a visit to the West Indies, Canada and the United States. He gives it as his opinion that the republic will yet be overthrown.

Mark Twain has a unique manner of punishing autograph hunters. He sends them, in reply to their request for his signature, a neatly-worded type-written lecture, and appends his name in cold type.

Tennyson, in writing of the sudden death of a friend, says: "I cannot but look upon our friend's death as a happy one, although our liturgy enjoins us to pray to be delivered from sudden death. For my part it is the one I should pray for."

Baron Rothschild, the Paris banker, lives in fear of the Commune. His cellars are almost impregnable, and his pictures and jewels are protected in such a way that the most grasping mob could not reach them. He lives in a state of constant fear.

The Duchess of Montrose and Mrs. Bancroft, the English actress, were at swords' points last week. By a mistake a certain hall had been let to both for rehearsal. Mrs. Bancroft arrived first, but was finally driven off by very forcible language from her Grace.

General Sherman received an abundance of birthday gifts last Saturday. Flowers, congratulatory visits, telegrams and letters poured in upon him. The old general welcomed everyone graciously and insisted that he didn't feel a bit older since he had got into the seventies.

The Emperor of Russia has issued an order that members of the Imperial family are in future to wear only Russian materials made up by Russian hands. Her Majesty has at St. Petersburg a staff of twenty French dressmakers, who will now be obliged to return to their native land. Surely an empress has trials.

The woman who painted The Roll Call, The Thin Red Line, Scotland Forever, and other well known military pictures, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson Butler, has been in Ireland studying evictions, with a view to putting them on canvas. It has been found necessary to explain to some English papers that she has no ulterior political motive, but is merely hunting for subjects.

The Empress Eugenie has just presented to the fathers who have the keeping of the mortuary chapel at Farnborough, where the remains of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial are interred, a magnificent altar cloth, made from her wedding gown. The cloth has been made by the empress herself. It is trimmed with the laces and embroidery which ornamented the dress.

The history of Miss Effie Canning, who wrote Rock-a-Bye, Baby, which has had such a phenomenal sale during the past three years, is an interesting one. Although Miss Canning has been known to public favor for that time she is still a youthful school girl yet in her teens. Rock-a-Bye, Baby, which was her first success, was written about three years ago and was first brought prominently to public attention by being sung in Denman Thompson's play of The Old Homestead.

In Alphonse Daudet's novel, L'Immortel, he ridicules the aspirations of the Frenchmen who long for a seat in the French Academy. A French countess was asked by him how she liked his book. "My dear M. Daudet, a seat in the French Academy is like death. People never joke about it, unless it is very far off," was the reply. Daudet confessed afterwards that the retort was clever, "but," he added, "I wish it had not been made when there were half a hundred people to hear."

It is the boast of Mrs. Gladstone that she can keep her temper under any vexation, and keep cool under every circumstance. She is a great lover of flowers and bare floors, keeps her house and every room in it in livable order by means of books, sunlight, color, a few plants, a fire and easy chairs, but when the family can be together without the presence of visitors she prefers the hall to any other apartment. She is described as a woman of great mental and moral strength whom a stranger would worship, but never presume to love save at a distance.

Literary Note.

Friend—How are you coming on?

Author—Good. I've got the material on hand for a first-class novel.

"You are a lucky man."

"That's not all. I've got the material for a splendid comedy, besides."

"You are fortunate."

"Yes, all I need now is the material for a new pair of pants."—*Texas Siftings.*

How They Contribute.

PASSER of contribution plates certainly has a good opportunity to study character. He never seems to see anything—quite the contrary; but it is not to be supposed that he misses a single person. Stiffly he stands at the pew end, with primly-folded hands and erect shoulders. His eyes are cunningly arranged, and from the corners he keeps a vigilant watch upon the plate. He knows how much old Mr. Never-let-go put on; he estimates the value of Mr. Hard-up's contribution, and he calculates the number of pennies the Always-in-the-pocket children give. He is a wise man, and governs Monday's proceedings by Sunday's observations. That is where he has the best of the other business men; for trifles tell such fateful tales!

It seems a little action, the placing of currency upon a plate, and yet the coin, the hand itself and the movements, all aid us in constructing for that hand a body, determining its occupation and deciding upon the mental characteristics which govern it.

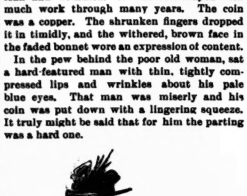
In the Metropolitan Church not long since I noticed four very different hands, giving, I presume, four widely dissimilar sums, in four totally distinct ways.

A slender hand gloved in shabby black held a coin between the first and second fingers. With a gentle outward movement of a delicate forearm, and a dainty indrawing of the little finger, the money was placed upon the plate. The giver's hand went back to nestle beside its fellow among the folds of an old-fashioned wrap, and the broken down gentlewoman thought she had concealed from those about her the real state of her purse.

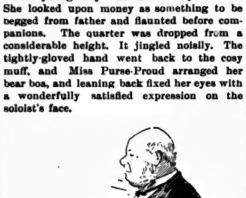
Quite near her a broad, thick hand with stumpy, square-tipped fingers was thrust forward from the glossiest of cuffs fastened with the most obtrusive of buttons. The little finger, held away from the others, was encumbered with a heavy gold ring, in which was set in prominent style a large diamond. It flashed and gleamed, paled and glowed, while the heavy silver was, with much deliberation and considerable pomposity, deposited upon the smaller coins. This contributor leaned back after the collector had gone, fixed his eye on Brother Obliged-to-be-careful, mentally patted himself on the shoulder, and dreamed of God's interest paid on funds placed in the Bank of Charity.

Totally different was the third hand. It was lean and wrinkled. It was mis-shapen with much work through many years. The coin was a copper. The shrunken fingers dropped it in timidly, and the withered, brown face in the faded bonnet wore an expression of content.

In the pew behind the poor old woman, sat a hard-featured man with thin, tightly compressed lips and wrinkles about his pale blue eyes. That man was miserly and his coin was put down with a lingering squeeze. It truly might be said that for him the parting was a hard one.



This young lady was fashionably dressed. She looked upon money as something to be begged from father and flaunted before companions. The quarter was dropped from a considerable height. It jingled noisily. The tightly-gloved hand went back to the cosy muff, and Miss Purse-Proud arranged her bear boa, and leaning back fixed her eyes with a wonderfully satisfied expression on the soloist's face.



The last one I noticed was an elderly man, ivory-headed, sleek and, I should say, the possessor of considerable wealth. His carefully-gloved hands waved a bill, and spread to its utmost size, it was laid on humble coins and heavy silver. The crisp note fluttered a little as the plate passed and the erstwhile owner's eyes dwelt upon it. His left hand knew, his neighbors knew, the collector had a shrewd suspicion and I felt positive that it was a one-dollar bill.

I believe in charity—true charity. I think that right-minded people should and do recognize the pleasure of giving. But when we are charitable from necessity, or from any desire less pure than that of real sympathy with or for the object contributed to, should we not be more honest to call our gifts by some other name? We should as least be conscience-free, and the money would do quite as much good.

EYELKA.

When We Are Girls.

How many of us girls make little idiots of ourselves between our fifteenth and twenty-first birthdays! "Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us" to proceed in our golden youth with the same discretion that marks the course of our maturer years—or that should mark it.

Don't the cheeks of some of us burn at certain memories of bygone nonsense?

In the first place, how many times do most of us fall in love?

You see, youth has an amount of surplus affection which must be disposed of, and we are quite ready to bestow a generous portion of it upon the nearest matter to hand.

How we suffer, how we weep, and how blandly we go to sleep and forget all our woes!

Presently there comes a day (generally about our nineteenth birthday) when we rise superior to the needs of a divine passion.

We don't want lovers. Dear me, no! Pooh! We only want a helpful comrade, to whom we can write nice fat letters about all sorts of abstract things, and who will be careful to respond in good season. Strangely enough, this comrade is usually selected from the ranks of the opposite sex, while really, you know, there are plenty of desirable women convenient.

Many of us have nice fathers and brothers well worthy of our sympathy, encouragement and distinguished consideration. But, bless you! we do not pay much attention to their needs. We prefer to lavish the whole of our charming sentiment upon some other girl's brother.

Now, if a young man or woman is healthy and energetic, fairly well off in affectionate relatives, and possessed of the usual number of good old friends, I do not see what particular need he or she has to hunt around for affinities. If we are worthy of sympathy and help we generally find it without the seeking.

We don't find it necessary to unbosom our souls two or three times a week to John, Bill, Jane or Mary, who may have assisted us in the construction of mud pies. And yet, these same old companions are generally our best friends.

What woman in the world is so full of honest sympathy as the good mother? Whose ambition, for her children, is so real and true? And how often do we write her twenty or thirty pages about our souls' aspirations?

And yet, if we get the smallpox, we telegraph her to come the first thing. We take no end of pleasure in dwelling at length upon our struggles and disappointments in our letters to Lucille or Claude; but when we are in a fix for a little hundred or so, we send a messenger-boy for Jim or Jemima.

I never saw one of these platonic friendships, which required the nourishment of an abundant correspondence for sustenance, begin upon a thoroughly honest basis, or turn out comfortably. The comradeship of Angelo and Vittoria was very beautiful and very harmless, but if Francesco had lived, I fancy he would have put in an objection.

Friendship isn't a thing of words and vain repetition. It is a solid substance, like that mountain yonder I can see from my window.

It is always there, and the same all the year round.

When we have reached the necessity for soulful companionship we may be sure that the color of a pair of eyes or a charming mustache has something to do with our selection of an affinity.

These things are as inevitable as the measles.

They are quite harmless, but oh! they do lead us into making such geese of ourselves!

If there were only some way of making our younger sisters profit by our own experience!

But there isn't.

We can't stay the age of "romantics" any more than we can circumvent the whooping-cough; so we can only hope that these sisters will have it as soon as possible and leave it behind them.

One generally notes a man really falling in love with the girl who has paid no attention to his sentimental advances, and there humanity scores one on the side of good sense.

I wish we might, most of us, be shut up somehow, until kindly nature has put our wandering, unsettled brains into firm, trim order.

If we could all start out into the life of womanhood, with no sentimental nonsense behind us, how much more comfortable we would be!

Oh, these awful things of our undisciplined youth! We may pretend to laugh at them, but really, they interfere with our mature self-respect.

When we see our daughters doing undignified things we would like to be able to back up our motherly advice with a clear conscience.

I've always been very fond of music. In the wild fever of sweet fifteen I was guilty of several songs, which faithfully responded to my soulful ardor. I have sincerely repented of them, but my sin is eternally finding me out.

Last summer I tried to buy up the whole edition, but my endeavor only caused the publisher to meet the demands of their sudden popularity by printing a lot more.

These miserably embarrassing things are forever cropping up. I have seen them upon several pianos. Can I wonder that the doors of some intelligent families are closed upon me? Here they are—two of them:

"Dark is the night,
The snow is swiftly falling;
Lonely I sit
By the fire's dim glow;
Deep in its breast,
Now coming, now going,
Rises a face
I loved long ago.
Where are you, dear?
You answer not.
Above, or here?
Am I forgot
Thy memory lingers in my heart,
But all I ask
Is to know where thou art!"

I have forgotten the person regarding whose whereabouts I was so curious, but I sincerely trust he or she never located the personality of my inquiry.

Here's the other one. (You can't get the proper effect without the wailing mirror accompaniment):

"The horrid night,
Is filled with dread!
The clock is striking one."
(Boom!—on the piano.)
"I toss about my burning bed,
And shriek for sleep or sun!
I rise in pain,
I need the air,
I lean far out,
The night is fair,
The soft winds cool
My fevered brow,
I feel the tears begin to flow.
I see a golden gate ajar,
And long to enter in.
Ah, me! It is so very far,
And, I'm so full—of sin!
Oh, come, sweet angel!
Come again,
To soothe my heart,
To ease my pain.
Nor bid me dry
The tears that flow,
They rest my heart—
It's aching so!"

Further comment is unnecessary.—*Eoirpac, in the Dramatic Mirror.*

Varsity Chat.

Delegates from the provincial Y. M. C. A. convention held recently in Brantford brought back interesting accounts of their trip which were listened to with attention by the members of our own association this week.

It has not entered into the heart of the average man to conceive the fun the noble class of '90 had last Saturday evening. The reunion, held in Y. M. C. A. hall, though twice postponed was a triumphant success. The executive committee gave good reason for their continued existence by their able management, which, as all critics agreed, left nothing to be desired. President DeLury distinguished himself in a happy opening speech. The programme was an excellent one, contributed by members of the class, of whom Miss Lawler and Miss Scott deserve special mention. Mr. Thompson's songs, also, were quite inimitable. At the conclusion of the programme a few minutes were begrudged to supply the wants of the body with things earthly such as cakes, coffee, etc. Immediately afterwards the ladies betook themselves to smiles and the gentlemen to song, and when the cathedral chimes launched their midnight message they were answered by the gallant strains of Good Night, Ladies.

Monday was English day at the Modern Language Club. President W. H. Graham, '90, occupied the chair. The first numoer of the programme consisted of a musical selection by Miss Telfer. A reading by Mr. C. N. Munro of McMaster followed. Mr. Brebner had promised a paper on Charles Lamb, but fortunately he was compelled by pressure of engagements to substitute what was doubtless much better, a talk. He treated of Lamb's life and character, his literary friends and their associations, of his style and subjects, and, finally, with marked fellow-feeling, he stood up manfully for his idol who by reason of a certain common weakness of men (in Scott Act counties) was sometimes unable to stand up for himself. Miss Robertson's reading of the author's Dissertation on Roast Pig was given with decided spirit, and was received with a relish akin to that which the young Chinee enjoyed. Miss F. V. Keys, '90, brought the programme to a close with a paper in chaste English on Walter Pater, the London Stylist, and Style. Among visitors of distinction I observed Lecturer D. R. Keys, M.A., Fellow Chamberlain, B.A., and Mr. A. Smith, B.A., '89, who is at present engaged on the *Mail* staff.

NEMO.

Trinity Talk.

Mr. P. S. Lampman, '87, of Hamilton was a visitor at college during the early part of the week. "Peter's" many friends in residence gave him a hearty welcome.

Rev. J. C. Davidson of Peterboro' has been staying at Trinity during the last few days. On Tuesday evening he entertained his friends at a small supper given in the Reading-room. The following graduates were present: Messrs. N. J. Davidson, S. F. Houston, D. R. C. Martins and J. G. Smith. After the refreshments had been disposed of songs were given by Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Smith, the latter giving the Trinity version of that comic song, It'll be Very Peculiar, in which a word is said about every man in residence. Mr. J. J. Norgate also entertained the gathering with a funny reading. It was not till a late hour the supper broke up and Auld Lang Syne was sung in the hall with the usual amount of enthusiasm.

The weekly meeting of the Literary Institute took place as usual on Friday evening last, Mr. Pringle presiding. The debate was on the Annexation question and aroused a great deal of enthusiasm, but the Canadian party prevailed and the Trinity students upheld the claims of the mother country. A very interesting reading was given by Mr. Stevenson.

The last of the series of public lectures will be given this afternoon by Prof. Reynar of Victoria University on the Conflict between the Old and the New. The lecture delivered last week on Robert Browning by Prof. Capon was excellent. The lecturer showed a wide knowledge of English literature, and pointed out the refining influence that Browning together with Tennyson had on poetry, the great care taken by the poet to present nature as she is to the minds of his readers and above all the beauty of his English. This series of lectures appears—judging from the numbers present, to have been much appreciated by the Toronto public, for on these afternoons an opportunity is given to all so inclined to hear some of Canada's ablest professors on subjects of common interest.

The engagement list of the Trinity Glee Club is becoming most formidable in size. On Tuesday last, the men sang at St. Matthew's where May Day, Dame Durdon and another glee were given with pleasing effect. Next week the Glee Club has two engagements at city churches for Monday evening—at one late in the week out of town. Mr. T. B. Howden is manager-in-chief, and truly he has hard work whipping-in members for practices, and were it not for his enthusiastic interest the Glee Club would be a thing of the past in a very few weeks.

On Thursday evening, at the Science meeting, Rev. C. J. S. Bethune read a most interesting and instructive paper on the Progress of Entomology, which was greatly enjoyed by those present. The audience was a good one, and included a number of ladies.

CÆCUS.

Art and Artists.

Tuesday night at the rooms of the Architectural Sketch Club Mr. R. W. G. Bonsfield, A. R. I. B. A., gave a brilliant lecture on Different Styles of Gothic, profusely illustrated, leading the members through its intricacies from the earliest period to the present time. His easy flow of language showed him master of the subject.

Previous to the lecture, members occupied themselves in time sketching, subject, An Interior. Some in perspective, others in elevation. Among the sketchers were Messrs. Chas. Lennox, W. R. Gregg, E. Burke, G. Bonsfield, E. Wilby, T. Johnston, J. A. Radford and many others. They hope that all their artist friends will visit them on the evening of Mr. W. L. Forster's paper on Study from the Antique, on February 25.

A unanimous vote of thanks was passed the lecturer of the evening, when the students criticised the time sketches, then turned the gas off and left, having enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

The following story of Millet's Sower is told by New York *Truth*: It was in the billiard room of the Union League Club, and the topic of conversation was Millet's Angelus. "I never hear that artist's name," said an old gentleman ponderously puffing at his cigar, "without realizing that I once made a stupendous fool of myself. Many years ago William Hunt, the painter, came to me and said, 'Why don't you order a picture from Millet. He is a genius and a poor man. He needs money, and his picture will be worth double what you pay for it some day.' Acting on Hunt's suggestion, I wrote to Millet offering him five hundred dollars for a picture. Five hundred in those days was a good deal of money, and I thought my commission to an unknown French artist was rather generous. I had forgotten all about the matter when nearly a year later I received a letter from Millet saying that he had executed my commission, but that as his picture was a good one, he thought that I ought to give him at least $700 for it. I felt indignant at what I considered his avarice, and wrote back curtly that my order was for a five hundred dollar picture, and unless he could accept that sum he might keep the thing. A month later he sent me word that he had sold my picture for a thousand dollars. A few years ago that same work was bought for thirty thousand; and when I think that The Sower was painted for me, and that I lost it because I was too mean to spend seven hundred dollars, I feel foolish enough."

Filled the Bill.

Jeweler (writing on the slate of a gesticulating stranger)—What can I do for you, sir?

Stranger (writing)—Did you advertise for a silent partner?

Jeweler—Yes.

Stranger—Well, I'm dumb.

It's a Centripetal Force.

The poet says that "'Tis love which makes the world go round." It also makes the young man "go round" quite frequently Sunday nights.

Honestly Susceptible.

Mrs. Clover (very quietly)—I wouldn't put my hands in my pockets, if I were you, Uncle Jefferson.

Uncle Jeff (from Colorado)—Hev to, if that pretty gal's goin' t' set next to me. 'Fraid I'll hug her like a grizzly 'f I don't.—*Judge.*

A LIFE SENTENCE

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Cynthia West made a delightful picture as she stood in the glow of the firelight and the rose-shaded lamps. Her dress, of deep red Indian silk, partly covered with puffings of soft looking net of the same shade, was cut low, to show her beautiful neck and throat; the sleeves were very narrow, so that the whole length of her finely-shaped arm could be seen. Her dusky hair gave her all the ideal beauty of a coronet; swept away from her neck to the top of her head, it left only a few stray curls to shadow with bewitching lightness and vagueness the smooth surface of the exquisite nape. What was even more remarkable in Cynthia than the beauty of her face was the perfection of every line and contour of her body; the supple, swelling, lissom figure was full of absolute grace; she could not have been awkward if she had tried. It was this characteristic that chiefly earned her the admiration of men; women looked more often at her face.

"Are you alone?" said Hubert, smiling and holding out both his hands, in which she impulsively placed her own.

"Quite alone, Madame has gone out; only the servants are in the house. How darling! We can have a good long chat about everything!"

"Everything!" said Hubert, sinking with a sigh of relief into the low chair that she drew forward. "I shall be only too happy. I have stagnated since I saw you last—which was in March, I believe—an age ago! It is now April, and I am absolutely ignorant as to what has been going on during the last few weeks."

"You have been in the country!" laughed Cynthia. "How I pity you!"

"You do not like the country?"

"Not one little bit. I had enough of it when I was a child."

"You were brought up in the country, were you?" said Hubert carelessly. "I should never have thought you for a country girl; even though your physique does not speak of town-life, after all."

"Is that meant for a compliment?" said Cynthia, the clear color suddenly rising in her cheeks. "Bah—I do not like compliments—from some people! I should like to forget all about my early life—dull tiresome days! I began to live only when I came to London."

"Which was when you were about fifteen, was it not? You have never told me where you lived before that."

Cynthia made a little *moue* of disgust.

"You have always been very polite hitherto to ask unpleasant questions. I tell you I want to forget those earlier years. If you must know, I was at school."

"I beg your pardon," said Hubert; "I had no idea that the subject was so unpleasant to you, or I would not have alluded to it, of course."

Cynthia gave him a quick look.

"You have a right to ask," she said, in a lower voice. "I suppose I ought to tell you the whole story; but—"

There was a strong reluctance in her voice.

"You need do nothing of the kind. I have no right at all; don't talk nonsense, Cynthia. After all, what is the use of raking up old reminiscences? I have always held that it is better to put the past behind one—to live for the present and the future. All of us have memories that we would gladly forget. Why not make it a business of life to do so?"

"Forgetting those things which are behind," Cynthia murmured.

She was sitting on a very low chair, her hands loosely clasped before her, her eyes searching the embers of the fire. Hubert looked at her curiously.

"I never heard you quote Scripture before," he said, half laughing.

"Why not? There are plenty of things in the bible worth thinking about and quoting too," said Cynthia briskly, but with a sudden change of attitude. "It would be better for us both, I have no doubt, if we knew it a little better, Mr. Lepel. Aren't you going to smoke? It does not seem at all natural to see you without a cigar in your mouth."

"What a character to give me! Smoke in this rose-tinted room!"

"Madame's friends all smoke here. You need not be an exception. She herself condescends at times to the luxury of a cigarette."

"You call it a luxury!"

"Certainly. Madame has initiated me. But you will understand that I don't display my accomplishment to every one."

"No—don't," said Hubert, a trifle gravely.

She looked round at him with a pretty defiance in her eyes and a laugh upon her face.

"Don't you approve?" she said mockingly. "Ah, you have yet something to learn! It is quite evident that you too been spending Easter in the country, and its gentle dulness hangs about you still."

"Gentle dulness!" Hubert thought involuntarily of Enid. Yes, the term fitted her very well. Timid, gentle, dull—thus unjustly he thought of her; with her, Cynthia—whatever Cynthia's faults might be, she was not dull—a great virtue in Hubert's eyes.

"I think you could make me approve of anything you do," he said, as he rose in obedience to her invitation to light his cigar. "Some people have the grace of becomingness; they adorn all they touch."

"What a magnificent compliment! I will immediately put it to test," said Cynthia lightly. She had also risen, and was examining a little silver box on the mantelpiece. "Here madame keeps her Russian cigarettes," she said. "I have not set up a stock of my own, you see. Now give me a light. There—I can do it quite skilfully!" she said, as she placed one of the tiny *papitlos* between her lips and gave one or two dainty puffs. "Now dost thou become me?"

"Excellent well!" said Hubert, who was leaning back in an enormous chair, so long and deep that one lay rather than sat in it, and regarding her with amusement. "All that you do, fair creature, still betters what is done."

"Then I'm content," said Cynthia, seating herself and holding the cigarette lightly between her finger.

She still kept it alight by an occasional little puff; but Hubert smiled to see that her enjoyment of it was, as a humorist has said of his tobacco, "purely of an intellectual kind." She enjoyed doing what was unusual and *bizarre*—that was all. He wondered whence she sprang, this brilliant creature of earth, with instincts so keen, desires so ardent, mind and imagination so much more fully developed than was usual with girls of her age. Cynthia's beauty was undeniable; for the sake of such beauty, save that of youth, she would have been striking and remarkable.

She was not conscious of his continued gaze at her; she seemed to be lost in thought—perhaps of her earlier years, for presently she said, in a reflective tone—

"You were surprised at my quoting Scripture. I wonder why? I do not seem such a bad person that I must not quote the Bible, do I?"

"Certainly not."

"I used to be at the head of the Bible-class always when I was at St. Elizabeth's," she said dreamily. She did not notice that Hubert gave a little start when he heard the name.

"Your school was called St. Elizabeth's?"

"Yes."

"At East Winstead?"

"Yes"—this time rather hesitatingly. "Why?"

"Did you happen to know a girl called Janet Wood?"

The two looked at each other steadily for a minute or two. Hubert had spoken with resolute quietness; he thought that Cynthia's expression hardened, and that her color falled a little, as she replied—

"I remember her quite well. She ran away."

"Before you left?"

"Before I left," said the girl, looking down at the cigarette which she had taken from her lips and held between her fingers. Suddenly she threw it into the fire, and, sitting erect, with no: fluttering of her face, sent on, "Why do you want to know?"

"Oh, nothing! What sort of a girl she was, for instance."

"A wild little creature—a horrid, ungrateful, bad-tempered girl! They—we were all glad when she went."

"Why, the old woman—what's her name?—Sister Louisa—said that she was a general favorite!"

"I'm sure she wasn't. When were you there?"

"The day after her departure, I think."

"And what took you there, Mr. Lepel?" There was a touch of bewilderment in Cynthia's voice.

"Curiosity, for the most part."

"No one was at the school whom you knew, I suppose?"

"No," said Hubert, reflecting that Janet Wood has gone before he paid his visit.

Perhaps Cynthia did not understand this point. At any rate, she looked relieved.

"I was glad when my time came to leave," she said more freely.

"Did you not like the place?"

"Pretty well. It was frightfully, awfully dull!"

"And yet you had never known anything more exciting! Were you really conscious at the time that it was dull, or did you realize its dulness only afterwards?"

"Oh, I must have had it in my blood to know the difference between dulness and enjoyment," she said lightly; "otherwise—"

"Well—otherwise?"

"Otherwise," she said, smiling at him, "how should I know it now? There is a vast difference between dulness and enjoyment—as vast as that between happiness and misery; and I know them both."

"Cynthia," he said, rising and leaning towards her—"Cynthia, child, you do enjoy your present life—you are happy, are you not?"

She looked up at him silently. The smile faded; he noticed that her bosom rose and fell more quickly than before.

"You think that I ought to be?" she said. "But why? Because I have been in Italy—because I have had a little success or two—because people say that I am handsome and that I have a voice? That is not my idea of happiness, Mr. Lepel, if it is yours; but you know as well as I do that it is not happiness at all. It is excitement, if you like, but nothing else—not even enjoyment."

"What would you call enjoyment then, Cynthia? What is your idea of happiness?" Her hurried breathing seemed to have infected him with like shortness of respiration; there was a fire in his eyes.

"Oh," she said, looking away from him and holding her hands tightly clasped upon her knee, "it is not different from other women's ideas of happiness—it is quite commonplace! It means a safe happy home of my own, with no reasonable fear that distrust or poverty or sin should invade it—complete trust—a companion that I could love and trust and work for and care for——" She stopped short.

"A husband," said Hubert, softly, "and children to kiss your lips and call you 'Mother,' and a man's love to soften and sweeten all the days of your life?" She nodded, but did not speak. "And I," he said, with an irrepressible sigh—"I want a woman's love—I want a home, and all the sweet charities of home about me. Yes, that is happiness."

"It will be yours by and-by, I suppose," said Cynthia, in rather a choked voice—he had told her that he was engaged to be married.

"I see no probability," he answered drily. "She—her guardian will not allow an engagement."

"But—she loves you!"

"I do not think so; I am sure indeed that she does not."

"And you—you care for her!"

"No; by Heaven, I do not!"

"Then by-and-by you will meet somebody whom you love."

"I am not somebody now," said Hubert, in a curiously dogged tone; "but, as I am sure that she does not care a pin for me, there is no harm in letting the secret out."

"Who is she?"—in a startled tone.

"She is a singer. She used to be an actress; but she has a magnificent voice and is in training for the operatic stage. She will be a great star one day, and I shall worship her from afar. But I have never met anybody in the world who will ever be to me what that woman might have been."

"How do you know," said Cynthia, in a scarcely audible voice, "that you are not as much to her as she is—you say—to you?"

"How do I know? I am certain of it—certain that she regards me as a useful, pleasant friend who is anxious to do his best for her in the musical world, and nothing more. If I dreamed for a moment that I was nearer or dearer to her than that, I should hold my tongue. But, as it is, knowing that I am not worthy to kiss the hem of her garment, and that if she knew all my unworthiness she would be the first to bid me begone, I do not fear—now, once and once only—to tell her that I love her with all my heart and mind and body and soul, and that I ask nothing from her but permission to love on until the last day of my life."

"Now, once and once only!" repeated Cynthia.

She looked up, and saw that he stood ready for departure. His face was pale, his lips were tightly set, and his eyes sent forth a strange defiant gleam which she had never seen before. He made three strides towards the door before she collected herself sufficiently to start up and speak.

"No—no—you must not go! One moment! And what if—if"—she could hardly get out the words—"what if the woman that you loved had loved you too, ever since you saved her from poverty and disgrace and worse than death in the London streets?"

She held out her arms to him, as if praying him to save her once again. He stood motionless, breathing heavily, swaying a little, as if impelled at one moment to turn away and at another to meet her extended hands.

"There," he said at last—"then I should be of all men most miserable!"

It was illogical, it was weak, it was base, after those words, to yield to the tide of passion which for the first time in his life surged up in his soul with its full strength and power. And yet he did yield—why, let those who have felt it know and explain. As soon as she had uttered his protest, and it seemed as if the battle should be over and these two divided from each other for evermore, the two leapt together, and were clasped in each other's arms.

She lay upon his breast; his arms were around her, his lips pressed passionately on hers. In the ecstasy of that moment conscience was forgotten, the past was obliterated; nothing but the fire and energy of love remained. And then—quite suddenly—came a revulsion of feeling in the mind of the man whose guilt had, after all, not left him utterly without remorse. To Cynthia's terror and dismay, he sank upon his knees before her, and, with his arms clasped round her waist and his face pressed close to her slight form, burst into a passion, an agony of sobs. She did not know what to do or say; she could but entreat him to be calm, repeating that she loved him—that she would love him to the last day of her life. It was of no use—the agony would have its way.

He did not try to explain his singular conduct. When he rose at last, he kissed her on the forehead, and, murmuring, somewhat inarticulately, that he would see her on the morrow, he left the room. She heard the street door close, and knew, with a strange mixture of fear and joy, that he had gone and that he loved her. In the consciousness of this latter fact she had no fear of the morrow.

He might perhaps have kept his lips from an avowal of love which was afterwards bitter to him as death, if he had known that St. Elizabeth's Cynthia West had once been known as the convict's daughter, Janet Wood.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Look here, Cynthia," he said abruptly, when he met her the next morning—"this won't do! I was to blame; I made a fool of myself last night."

"What—in saying that you loved me?" she inquired.

"Yes—in saying that I loved you. You know very well that I did not intend to say it."

"Does that matter?" she asked, in a low voice. She had taken his hand, and was caressing his strong white fingers tenderly.

"I did it against my conscience."

"Because of that other girl?"

He considered a moment, and then said "Yes." But he was not prepared for the steadily penetrating gaze which she immediately turned upon him.

"I don't quite believe that," she said slowly.

"You doubt my word?"

"Yes," said Cynthia, in a dry matter-of-fact way; "I doubt everybody's word. Nobody tells the whole truth in this agreeable world. You forget that I am not a baby—that I have knocked about a good deal and seen the seamy side of life. Perhaps you would like me better if I had not! You would like me to have lived in the country all my life, and to be gentle and innocent and dull?"

"I could not like you better than as you are," he said, passing one arm round her.

"That's right. You do love me?"

"Yes, Cynthia."

"That is not a very warm assurance. Do you feel so coldly towards me this morning?"

"My dearest—no!"

"That's better. Dear Hubert—may I call you Hubert?"—he answered her with a little pressure of his arm—"if you really care for me, I can say what I was going to say; but, if you don't—if that was how you meant to make yourself by saying so when you did not mean it—then tell me, and I shall know whether to speak or to hold my tongue."

She spoke forcibly, with a directness and simplicity which enchanted Hubert in spite of himself. He assured her that he loved her from the bottom of his heart, that she might speak freely, and that he would be guided, if possible, by what she said—he knew that she was good and wise and generous. And then he kissed her once more on the lips, and she believed his words. She began to speak, blushing a little as she did so.

"I only want to understand. You are not married, Hubert?"

"My darling—no!"

"And you said last night that you were not engaged?"

"I am not engaged," he said more slowly.

"You have—some other engagement—entanglement—of which I do not know?"

"No, Cynthia."

"Then," she said, facing him with a boldness which he thoroughly admired, "why do you want to draw back from what you said to me last night?"

Hubert looked more than serious—he looked unhappy.

"Draw back," he said slowly—"that is a hard expression!"

"It is a hard thing," she rejoined.

"Cynthia, if I had suspected—if you had ever given me any reason to suppose—that you were willing to think of me as more than a friend, I would not have spoken. I am not worthy of you; I can but drag you back from a brilliant career; it is not fair to you."

The girl stood regarding him meditatively; there was neither fear nor sign of yielding in her eyes.

"That does not sound natural," she said; "it does not sound quite real. Excuse me, but you would not, merely as a novelist, make your hero try to back out of an engagement for that reason. If he gave it, the reader would know at once that there was something else—something in the background. I believe that the amiable heroine would seriously explain that and go away broken-hearted. But I," said Cynthia, with a little stamp of impatience—"I am not amiable, and I mean neither to believe in your explanation nor to break my heart; and so, Mr. Hubert Lepel, you had better tell me what this is really all about."

"Am I to understand that you think me a fool or a brute than lead you into this!" cried Hubert.

"But I should never think you a fool or a brute, whatever you did."

"You do not know what you might think of me—in other circumstances."

"Try," she said, almost in a whisper, slipping her hand into his.

But he shook his head and looked down, knitting his brows uneasily.

"What will satisfy you?" she asked at length, evidently convinced from his manner that something was most seriously amiss than she had thought. "Do you not know that where I give my love I give my whole trust and confidence? More than that, I will never take it away, even if all the world told me—even if I had some reason to believe—that you were not worthy of my trust. Don't you see that I know you love a man for what he is, and not for what he does?"

"What he does proceeds from what he is, Cynthia, and I am afraid," said Hubert sadly.

"Not always. People are often betrayed into doing things that do not show their real nature at all," said the girl eagerly. "A man gives away to such temptation—he strikes a blow—and the world calls him a ruffian and a murderer; or takes what belongs to another because he is starving, and the world calls him a common thief. We cannot judge."

He had drawn away from her and was resting his arm on the mantelpiece, his head upon his arm. A strange vibration had passed through his frame as he listened to her words.

"Do you think, then," he said at last, speaking with difficulty, and without raising his head, "that you could love a man who had the world condemned, or would condemn, if they knew all—could you love a man who was an outcast, a felon, a—a murderer?"

"I am sure that I could," said Cynthia fervently. For the moment she was not thinking of Hubert, however, but of another man whom she had loved, and whom she had seen condemned to death for the murder of Sydney Vane.

Hubert put out his left hand and drew her close to him. Even now there was one thing that he dared not say; he did not dare ask her whether she could love a man who had allowed another to bear the punishment which he had deserved, although he had hidden his guilt from a desire to save another rather than himself. He remained for a few moments in the same posture, with his face hidden on his right arm and his left encircling Cynthia; but, after a time, he stood up, drew her closer to his breast and kissed her forehead. Then he put her away from him and crossed his arms across his chest. His face was pale and drawn, there were beads of perspiration on his forehead, and his lip was bitten underneath his thick mustache.

"Cynthia," he said hoarsely, "to you, at least, I will try to be an honest man. I never knew a woman as brave, as true as you are; I'll do my best, at any rate, to be not altogether unworthy of you, my darling. I would give all I have in the world if I could ask you to marry me, Cynthia; but I can't. There is an obstacle; you were right—I am not free."

"I thought there was some real reason," she said quietly. "I knew you would not have spoken as you did without a reason."

"I am not engaged; or perhaps I should say that I am engaged, and that she is free. If at the end of the two years she is stronger in health, and her uncle withdraws his opposition, and she cares to accept me, I have promised to be ready. The last thing I ever meant was to ask any other woman to be my wife. But I was weak enough not to deny myself the bitter-sweet solace of telling you that I loved you; and I have drawn down punishment on myself. Cynthia, can you ever forgive me?"

(To be Continued.)

The Two Verdicts.

We're sadly exercised through life
About the world's opinions,
And prove ourselves from day to day
Its veriest slaves and minions.
What Mrs. Grundy thinks of us,
Our dress, our style, our station,
Is more than Heaven's own decree
In our poor estimation.

The battery of a thousand eyes
We know sure hits upon us,
And so we act the lie, and find,
In turn, a lie hath won us.
And thus we live a life of lies
Beset by many a demon—
Bound down by Fashion's rules and codes,
In this, a land of freemen!

A few short days—of what avail
Will be the world's decision?
Of what avail its myriad eyes,
Its smiles, or its derision?
Of what avail its brightest ban,
When earth roo des behind us,
And eaves us where that higher law
Soon or late will find us!

First-Nighters in Paris Theaters.

A first night's performance in a theater in Paris is only fully understood by the Parisians themselves. It is an occurrence towards which not only the manager of the theater and the author of the play look with anxious expectations, but which moves the social side of Paris to the very core. Not only are noticed by the endless reports in the French papers that follow every first night.

The boxes and dress circle are occupied by society both good and otherwise. The famous lawyer, the celebrated horse jockey, the gra at stockholder and the fashionable doctor are found sitting side by side; the ambassador and the exotic viveur, who is about to lose his fortune gracefully at Paris; the mimic'er's wife and the vivacious flirt; the celebrated actress and the equally celebrated dressmaker, are all thrown in together. The upper regions are all occupied by the nameless public, which besieges the doors of the theater from noon till night in order to obtain the worst seat in the gallery at a performance, the most inter-esting of which can be enacted not behind, but before the footlights.

The audience at a first night regards the theater as the house of a friend with whom one is spending the evening. People arrive as late as possible so as not to be the first to appear, exchange a few words with the other visitors, shake hands right and left, and spend the evening in chatting to every one around. Art, literature and journalism are represented in the stalls. The critics are recognized at first sight. He has not come for amusement, but to get angry at the weak points of the piece. Then there is friend of the author who amuses himself by reciting all the good parts of the play, thus spoiling their effect when they are heard from the stage.

Gentlemen pay visits to the ladies in their boxes discussing the latest news, while the gallery looks down upon the assemblage through opera glasses in order to notice all notorious people, and to observe how they dress, and smile with whom they are most intimate. There is a continual whispering and giggle; frequently a tragic scene is spoiled by a sudden outbreak of laughter, or the most comical part is passed unnoticed because a whole row of spectators suddenly becomes solemn because of an announcement of a death or some other accident. Everybody is engaged in presenting himself in the most fashionable light possible to the inquisitive, and the curtain falls without any one, except the critics, having taken the least notice of what was said or done on the stage.

Thus the average Parisian goes to the theater, returns home, and the next day knows nothing of the play he visited the night before. They do not seem to go to see the play, but as a great social reunion to see and chat with their friends.

It is an important part of the finished Parisian education to know the whole audience—barring the gallery—of first nightfers by name, rank and character. Thus the social part of the first night is explained. To be popular is the great feature of innumerable individuals of a great city, and to attain this position is the greatest victory one can gain in the metropolitan fight for existence, and when once a man has succeeded in being among an number of constant visitors on first nights, he has emerged from the darkness.

In order to become an habitue, rank, wealth, or influence is necessary. You may be able to get a seat for a single first night without much difficulty, but this insures by no means the benefit arising from the regular patrons at all first night productions. This benefit is only attained after your name has been entered on the register at every fashionable theater, which is the book that contains the names of every person entitled to be present at first nights; therefore this register is the golden book of the social side of Paris. The social power of a theatrical manager is so great in Paris that the applications for such a post are more frequent than for that of a position of the highest order. He is saluted in the street with greater courtesy and civility than a Minister; he is constantly surrounded by a crowd of flatterers, courting admirers; everybody tries to oblige, and is proud to be patronized by him.—*N. Y. Truth.*

An Old Bachelor's Maxim.

As people sprinkle the floors before they sweep them, so some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears in order to sweep cash out of their pockets.

His Precedent.

The Peacemaker—Don't you know it is very wrong to fight, little boy? What does the good book say?

Tommy (who has just polished off the class bully)—I dunno. I ain't read it no further than David an' Goliire.—*Puck.*

Amenities of Journalism.

Dudish Reporter (in brand-new suit)—It does beat all. I've just been ordered to make a tour of the slums and write a column of scenes and incidents. My clothes will be ruined.

Tramp Reporter (in rags and tatters)—I am in just as bad a fix. I have been assigned to Mrs. Nabob's ball, and I haven't a thing fit to wear.

Dudish Reporter—I say; let's trade assignments.

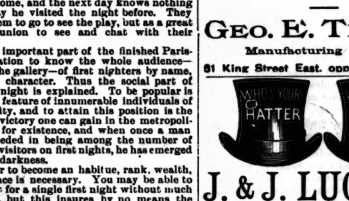
Tramp Reporter—The city editor wouldn't allow that, but I tell you how we can fix it. Let's trade clothes.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

SAVOY HOTEL
Victoria Embankment, London
Magnificent River View. Luxurious Suites with Private Bathrooms. Electric light everywhere. No gas. All the corridors warmed night and day.

The Restaurant
Organized by M. RITZ and "FRANCOIS" (M. RINJOUX), both of Monte Carlo. Is the *only open air restaurant in London.*
Manager of Restaurant—M. ECHENARD.
Chef—M. CHARPENTIER.
The Cuisine rivals the most famous Continental Cafés.
Hotel Manager—W. HARDWICK.

THE Wonder of The Age
ECLIPSE DYES
A NEW Improved Dye for Home Dyeing
Nothing but Water required in using
10c a package. For sale everywhere. If your dealer does not keep them, send direct to the manufacturers.
COTTINGHAM, ROBERTSON & CO. MONTREAL.

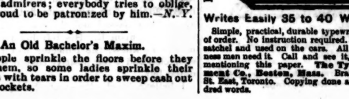
OVERCOATINGS IN MELTONS—all SHADES
NAPS—various QUALITIES
ALSO
Whitneys, Montagnacs, and Elysians
Full Range of Fall and Winter Suitings and Pantings
THE BEST $3.50 PANTS IN THE CITY
B. SPAIN
569 Queen St. West
LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF



At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.

GEO. E. TOREY
Manufacturing Jeweler
61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

J. & J. LUGSDIN
THE LEADING
Hatters and Furriers
101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.



Writes Easily 35 to 40 Words Per Minute
Simple, practical, durable typewriter. Is never gets out of order. No instruction required. Can be carried in the satchel and used on the cars. All professional and business men need it. Call and see it, or send for circular, mentioning this paper. The Typewriter Improvement Co., Boston, Mass. Branch Office—7 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. Copying done at three cents per hundred words.

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Dunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXXII.

When Hugh Cameron asked Lady Beacham to be his wife, it seemed to the poor girl as though that "Heaven itself was opened to her eyes." They were together in one of the sitting-rooms of her handsome house in London; it was that hour so favorable to confidences, between "the gloaming and the mirk"; the fire was blazing brightly, filling the room with its cheerful light; from without came the subdued hum of busy life; the lamps were lighted in the streets, the bare, leafless branches of the trees in the park stood out against the clear sky—clear although November was drawing to a close.

It was not the first time they had been alone together during the past month; but on former occasions Hugh had been unconscious of her presence or too weak to feel anything but a faint pleasure in her beauty and companionship. Now he was sufficiently strong to long for the faint pleasure to have grown to something more, and for his languid eyes to brighten when she came into the room where he was, and his haggard face to be clouded when she left it.

For almost six weeks he had been an inmate of her house, although for half that period he had been utterly ignorant of his whereabouts, and cognisant only of a parching thirst which nothing could assuage, of a burning pain in his head which nothing could relieve, of aching limbs and terrible haunting visions, of strange faces about his bed, of unfamiliar voices which spoke words he could not understand. But by-and-by, after a period of oblivion, he began to be dimly aware of a great weakness, of a feeling of ease and freedom from pain which was as Elysium after the suffering through which he had passed; and one day, when the thick November fog which envelopes everything outside was kept at bay in his room by the soft light of the lamps and the red glow of the fire, Nest Cameron, sitting by him as he lay upon his pillows, languid but at peace, told him where he was and how he had come there. He had been taken suddenly ill on leaving one of the great railway stations, and had fainted and fallen in the street. Lady Beacham, who had been driving by, had stopped her carriage to see if she could offer any assistance, and, recognizing him, had had him lifted into her carriage and brought to her house, where he had recovered from his swoon only to pass into delirium and fever. Her ladyship had nursed him most devotedly until Nest could come; and she was as kind and good as she was lovely, Miss Cameron declared enthusiastically.

Hugh listened to the explanation with somewhat languid interest; he was too weak to feel any deeper emotion, or to remember clearly what had preceded his illness. He had a vague recollection of a night's wandering and a swift rushing through the quiet, scarcely-awakened country, and then he remembered no more. He said but little for a day or two after Nest had given him her explanation, but it seemed to her that once or twice when the door of his room opened a look of expectation lighted up his face, to be followed by one of disappointment.

On the third day he asked if he might see Lady Beacham.

She came in quietly, clad in soft white draperies which clung closely about her; she looked somewhat pale, and her eyes had violet shadows beneath them and looked as if she had recently shed tears; but she smiled as Hugh held out a weak hand towards her and tried to speak a few tremulous words of thanks which died away on his lips as he met the look of tender reproach in her blue eyes; and, when her smiles faded, he saw that she was worn and thinner than when he had seen her last.

"Have you been ill too?" he asked her; and the question brought tears into both women's eyes as they glanced at each other.

After this Lady Beacham was often with him—beautiful, serene and gentle; and Nest thought that he seemed grateful to her with a strange intense gratitude which she could not quite understand. He never spoke of Stanley.

As the days went on, Nest saw, half gladly, half sadly, that her patient was beginning to feel quite dependent upon his beautiful and devoted nurse. She had grown into Lady Beacham's feelings for Hugh by the hysterical outburst of tears with which she, worn out with anxiety and distress, had greeted her on her arrival. Nest did not understand the broken words, "I feel as if I had murdered him!" which had escaped Lady Beacham's lips; but she had no clue to them, and they were forgotten in her anxiety on Hugh's account. She had not expected to find him so ill; for the doctors, fearing to alarm Lady Beacham, had made the worst of the case—indeed at no time had there been serious danger, thanks to the splendid constitution and vigorous youth of the patient.

His recovery was slow, and more protracted than his physicians had thought probable; but the day came at last when he was able to leave his room, leaning heavily on Macarthy's arm, and made his appearance in the sitting-room assigned to him.

His nurses held a little festival to celebrate the event. The fires burned brightly, the rooms were decorated with flowers; Miss Cameron had a cluster of deep-hued carnations in the lace at her throat; Laura had on a gown of pale blue in which she looked lovelier than ever. Both women turned to the door with smiling expectant eyes when Hugh came in leaning on his servant's arm. He was panting a little and not very steady, and he was glad to sit down in the great arm-chair and rest with closed eyes for a moment.

His face looked haggard and gaunt as he lay back upon the cushions; but he smiled and held out his hand to the two kind women who had nursed him back to health.

"How good you have been to me," he said huskily—"how good!"

He thought it very pleasant to sit in the pretty apartment, so bright and warm, with the two graceful women ministering to him; he was so tired of the room where he had been shut up so long and had suffered so keenly during the weary weeks of his fever and the weakness which had followed it. The tea Lady Beacham gave him in a tiny eggshell cup tasted delicious, he thought, and Laura's eyes were very sweet and kind. He found himself watching her rather intently once or twice; he had never thought how charming she could be in her own house alone. He did not think of Stanley just then; his pain and anger had seemed to burn away during his illness; when he thought of her at all it was as lost to him for ever.

There was a piano in the room, and, when they had drunk their tea, Lady Beacham asked Nest to sing something. She instantly rose and seated on a stool in the firelight, which fell on the soft sheen of her golden hair and the faint blue of her gown; her face was softened and tender, beautiful beyond words: Hugh's eyes were fixed upon it where he sat somewhat in the hollow of his great arm chair.

Miss Cameron had gone to the piano and was running her fingers softly over the keys. It was difficult to choose a song, she thought, lest any of the words should bring some painful remembrance to one at least of her hearers, or recall to him the infidelity of the woman he had loved and trusted so well, whose name, even in his delirium, had never passed his lips.

But Miss Cameron's hesitation availed her nothing, for, when she began to sing, Hugh started and turned his face to the piano, raising his hand as if to stop her; and, as she, unconscious of the gesture, continued, he put his hand to his eyes and hid them from the light.

The song was one Stanley had often sung to him in her sweet, low voice in those happy hours which had faded out of his life for ever.

"When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head
Nor shady cypress-tree;
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet,
And, if thou wilt, remember;
And, if thou wilt, forget.

"I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain,
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain;
And, dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget."

A silence followed the pathetic song. Hugh removed his hand from his eyes, and, looking up, saw that Lady Beacham was gazing at him fixedly with an expression on her face which startled and thrilled him. A sudden thought made his heart beat fast and dispelled the pain which the song and its associations had raised in his breast.

Nest played on softly for a while, filling the room with melody; then, suddenly remembering that her letter to Lady Sarah was as yet unfinished, she rose, and, excusing herself, went away, leaving Hugh and Lady Beacham together.

They remained silent for some time. Her ladyship's face was softened just then, and her heart was touched with a vague feeling of remorse and pain. She had brought this suffering upon him; but for her he might have been Stanley's husband now, the secret of his birth unsuspected. But surely his love for Miss Cameron had died out during that terrible illness; by-and-by he might even learn to forget his pain and to appreciate another more faithful and lasting affection—and then her time would come.

It was nearer than she thought. Sitting there in the weakness of his convalescence, with the anguish of his wounded heart lessened by his bodily weakness, he asked himself whether it would be impossible to find rest and peace in the love of this woman who had been so tender to him and so merciful. Had he been master of himself, he might have remembered what a wrong he was doing her in offering her a loveless heart; but he was weak, and she was so beautiful, and she had been so good and that look in her eyes tempted him. If he could not be happy himself, he might make her happy if she loved him.

"Laura," he said abruptly, stretching out his hand to her, "you have been very good and generous to me; will you be more generous still? You have shown me a great kindness; will you be yet more kind and yet more merciful? I am a broken man, very unworthy of you; but"—his voice sank a little—"will you be my wife, dear? I will do all I can to make you happy."

Lady Beacham turned her eyes upon him, the love and gladness in them hiding their reproach; her lip quivered, her heart beat wildly. She put her jeweled hand in his without a word, and he raised it to his lips. "Is it mine?" he asked gently.

He had dropped a wave of color rose in her pale face; she trembled at his touch as if she were a young girl dreaming her first love-dream.

"You do care for me a little?" she said wistfully. "All your love is not hers still?"

The next moment she had cause in his face made her regret the words bitterly.

"She has rejected me, as you know," he answered coldly; "and, before you promise to be my wife, it is but right that you should know why she—"

"Ah, I know—I know!" she answered passionately. "Do you think I think you would make any difference to me, Hugh? If all the world turned from you, I would be all the truer—all the more devoted!"

"You know it?" he said, dreamily. "Does all the world know it, I wonder? You are a faithful woman, Laura! Ah, my dear, I be sad, tenderly, "you deserve infinitely more than I can give you!"

"But I am content," she replied, gently, and drew nearer to him in the firelight.

He owed her so much, and she was so beautiful, that it was no wonder his heart went out to her as their eyes met, and that an emotion which was almost akin to passion, stirred him as he saw the tears glistening in her eyes and the tremulous quiver of her lips.

His voice shook as he put his arm around her and drew her fondly to him.

"You will be patient with me?" he whispered; and, as she looked up at him, pale and trembling, he touched her cheek with his lips; and, even as he did so, he felt that he was a coward, and told himself that he had no right to sacrifice this woman to his loneliness and unhappiness.

She was sitting there at his feet when Miss Cameron came in with her open letter in her hand.

"Have you any special message, Hugh?" she asked, then paused abruptly with a quick look of surprise.

Hugh smiled.

"Yes," he said. "Tell my mother that when she next welcomes me she must extend her welcome to my wife. And I want your congratulations, aunt Nest. Laura has been very good to me."

Nest was equal to the occasion. She stooped and kissed Lady Beacham with some tenderness and much hidden pity; but, when she had left the room, her face was grave and sad.

"He ought to have been braver!" she said to herself. "Poor Laura!" And, after a pause, she murmured with pale lips—"Poor Stanley!"

It was thus that the marriage had come about in the early days of the New Year. The engagement had been kept very quiet, and the announcement of the ceremony was a great surprise to all, including Francis Ashton, who read it when the husband and wife were on their way to Algiers, Nest going back with them.

It was early in the morning, while sitting in his study, that Francis Ashton read the news; and the servant's announcement that breakfast was ready received no attention. When at luncheon time he came into the dining-room to the meal, his master was sitting in the same position, his hand clenched upon the newspaper, his face set stern and revengeful, his heart full of hatred.

He spoke to the servant in almost his natural tones, dismissing him with a message to tell Lady Marian that he would come. When he was alone, he smoothed out the paper under his hand and read the lines again; then he straightened himself and stood erect, a sneering smile upon his lips.

"Vengeance may be long in coming!" he said quietly. "It may come slowly, but it comes at last."

And then, with the paper in his hand, he joined his mother—who had seen the announcement of her nephew's marriage, and was in some perplexity and much anger at having been kept in the dark so long.

"He will repent it—and so will she!" she said angrily, with no definite meaning in the words; but her son echoed them with quiet significance.

"Yes," he said; "I think it likely that he will repent it—and so will she!"

(To be Continued.)

A Chip of the Old Block.

Butcher—You little scamp, breaking your new rocking-horse! What are you going to do with it?

Young Hopeful—Make sausages!

Douglas Jerrold's Wit and Wisdom.

Few names among the living or departed, with the possible exception of Thomas Hood's, stand surrounded with a finer halo of reputation for wit and humor than that of Douglas Jerrold. He was himself quite exceptional to the ordinary maker of sayings and apothegms by his supreme faculty of improvisation. His best sayings and humorous quotations were the inspiration of the moment—the flash of sudden repartee. In the Candle papers and in his dramas there was premeditation; but, bright as those are, his high-world remark was quite often reached in the genial glow of ordinary conversation. Kemble, the dramatist, said that "in one of Jerrold's plays there was enough sufficient for three comedies by any other writer."

If Jerrold had had a single faithful Boswell he might have garnered an encyclopedia of memorable jokes from the bright things which the wit uttered in his daily talk. But untold numbers of these sayings were never set down by any one, and, it is said, he did not himself remember them in many cases, after they had served their purpose and occasion. While once wit is sufficient in itself and needs no excuse, the wit of Jerrold was often the very essence of wisdom; and there was a broad philosophy underlying the laughable remark. In him wit and wisdom walked together more often than apart, while the fashion to-day, perhaps, is in the main just opposite thereto.

But I propose to give here not so much a criticism of this famous wit, as samples of his performance. Speaking of journalism, he said, it "is puppyism come to its full growth." Of falsehood he said: "Don't give your mind to lying. A lie may do very well for a time, but, like a bad shilling, it will come back." "Its *mot* about truth was, that "in this world truth can wait; she's used to it." When weary with backbiters he remarked once: "Every man talks of his neighbor's heart as though it was his own watch—a thing to be seen in all its works and abused for irregular going." "There are people," he says, "who make even a million a very small matter merely by their condescending way of speaking of it;" which reminds me of one of Emerson's sayings—that "the English believe in a Providence who does not treat with levity a pound sterling."

One day he was met by a noted bore, who made it a habit of waylaying him whenever he could for a street chat. The thing got to be so irksome to Jerrold, and so, on one occasion, when his prosy friend came in, fairly planted for an attack, and said: "Well, Jerrold, what is going on to day?" Jerrold, darting swiftly along, said: "I am. Of an old woman who always was in the dumps, and talking lugubriously of everything, he said: "Hang it! she won't allow them a bright side to the moon." His friend, Albert Smith, having an article in *Blackwood*, signed it with his initials, "A. S." Whereupon Jerrold said: "What a pity Smith will tell only two-thirds of a truth." Of course, this was mere pleasantry, as was, also, that upon a friend of his who was a celebrated dentist. This friend entering a club-room where Jerrold and some other friends were enjoying a cigar, said, in an excited state: "I have just seen a celebrated barrister!" "What a coincidence!" said Jerrold.

When a friend once said to him: "Did you know, Jerrold, that Jones has left the stage and turned wine merchant!" "Oh, yes," Jerrold replied; "and I'm told that his wine off the stage is better than his wine on it." Being waited on for a charitable contribution on behalf of a somewhat too frequent petitioner for charity, he asked: "How much does X want this time?" "Just a four and two naughts will put him straight, I think." "Well," said Jerrold, "put me down for one of the naughts." Going to his friend Mr. Pepper's party, which was fully attended, he said to the host, on entering the room: "My dear Mr. Pepper, you glad you must be to see all your friends mustered!" Many of us are familiar with the story where a dull fellow in Jerrold's presence spoke of a certain song in these terms: "I never hear it but that I am completely carried away." To which Jerrold rejoined: "Can's some of the company whistle it?" Another such fellow told him a long, dull joke once, in a very stupid way, adding, at the end of the narration: "I thought I should have died with laughter." "I wish to heaven you had," was Jerrold's response. Not dissimilar to these was the one where he, with a company of his friends, was on their walk, a young donkey. A sentimental poet among the group admired it very much, and drew nearer to him in the firelight. Jerrold, "Do," said Jerrold; "and tie a piece of paper about its neck bearing this motto: 'When thou see, remember me.'"

When a friend said to him, pointing to a favorite family pet: "That cat has a cold." "Yes," he replied, "the poor thing is subject to cat-arrh." When a friend reached him that a certain dull actor was laboring under an inflammation of the brain, he said: "Depend upon it there is not much foundation for the report." A certain writer who was greatly disappointed with what he heard was Jerrold's poor opinion of his latest book, went to him and said: "Jerrold, I hear you said—was the worst book I ever wrote." "No, I did not," said Jerrold. "I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote." "Call that a kind man who is always away from his family, and never sends them a farthing," said an actor. "Yes: unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied. Tom Dibdin, the song writer, when he first met Jerrold, said to him: "Younger, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" Said Jerrold; "Oh, yes; I've all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea." When he was riding one day with a lively spendthrift, the driver said to him: "What do you think of my grays?" "To tell you the truth," he replied, "I was just thinking of your dam." In the midst of a hot discussion, an excited talker began: "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense—" "Exactly," Jerrold interrupted, "that is precisely what you do want."

There is no real limit to an account of his witticisms, for, although so many have been lost, his writings alone contain an abundance. The London *Athenæum* said at the time of his death, what is still, perhaps the accepted opinion of him: "He had been frolic that, Theodore Hook, less elaborate humor than Sydney Smith, less quibble and quaintness than Thomas Hood; but he surpassed all these in intellectual flash and strength. His wit was all steel points, and his talk was like squadrons of lancers in evolution." He stood nearer to poetic fancy than broad humor. The exquisite confusion of his tipsy gentleman, who, after scraping the door for an hour with his latch-key, leans back, and exclaims, "Blest if some scoundrel has stolen—stolen—the keyhole!" comes as near farce as any of his illustrations. *Joel Benton in the New York Ledger.*

The First Ice in India.

When one of the first importations of ice from America arrived in India, it was most amusing to see the anxiety with which it was sought after. The deposits were only open for a short time before sunrise, when crowds of coolies were in attendance to carry off the portions allotted to their employers; portions were immediately enveloped in thick blankets and inclosed in baskets, which were carried off with all speed; but a very considerable quantity invariably dissolved before they could reach their respective destinations.

Two or three natives crowding round a basket which had just arrived, were eager to touch the novelty; but immediately on feeling its extreme coldness they ran away, exclaiming that it was "*burra garram*"—very hot. A child, too, cried violently, and told his mamma that the "glass had burnt his fingers."

It was not a little surprising, on several occasions, to see the ice brought to the table as the greatest possible luxury, and handed round to persons to mix with their wine; which, although cooled with saltpetre and glauber salts, had not attained a much lower temperature than that of new milk.

The ice in question was United States to India as a means of preserving a large quantity of American apples in good condition for the Calcutta market, when the ice unexpectedly proved a more lucrative species of merchandise than the fruit.

Depew at Vassar.

Popular male speakers declare that the hardest audience they have met in the United States to face is that composed of the four or five hundred girls who are attending Vassar College. There isn't a woman's face upturned toward the lonely masculine person addressing them, but expresses ten thousand shafts of wit upon his bearing, gesture, voice, and upon what he says. Yet our own Chauncey, a few days ago, went up to Poughkeepsie and daringly and unflinchingly endured this ordeal. Mr. Depew was introduced to the Vassar girls by one of their number, a Miss Sanders, a very pretty and bright woman. As she was escorting Mr. Depew up the aisle of the college hall, she was observed to speak to the orator quietly, whereupon he almost laughed loudly, and, with his face overspread with merriment, replied to what she had said. There was a good deal of curiosity felt as to this chat, and finally one Vassar girl said to Miss Sanders: "What did you say to Mr. Depew when you were walking up the aisle with him?"

"I was wearing my first train," said Miss Sanders, "and Mr. Depew went too fast for me, and so I said to him: 'Whoa, whoa, you'll break my train.'

"You did not dare to say 'whoa, whoa,' to such a man as Mr. Depew?"

"I did—exactly. And he said he would 'slow up' at once. Being a railway man, he knew what breaking trains meant."

An Upset.

Jinks—I took my first sleigh-ride yesterday.
Blinks—I didn't know you had a rig.
"I hired one at a livery stable."
"Were you upset?"
"Indeed I was—when I learned the price."

Under the Proper Head.

A compositor recently got a marriage notice by mistake among a lot of items under the caption of "Wrecks and Disasters of 1889," and when the foreman heard the groom was a clerk in a drygoods store at eight dollars a week, he said it had better remain under that head.

I X L STEAM LAUNDRY
42 Richmond Street West
GENTS' WASHING OUR SPECIALTY
Delivery to all parts of the city.

THE
CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO.
LIMITED
LATE OF R. HAY & CO.
95 and 97 Yonge Street
NEW DESIGNS
IN
FINE FURNITURE

Buy of the Manufacturer and Save Money

PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCTIONS
OF
CELEBRATED PAINTINGS
Both ancient and modern, in different sizes, by the
SOULE PHOTO. CO. OF BOSTON
OFFICE FOR CANADA:
36 King Street East Toronto
Catalogue of subjects 25c. Call and see samples.

Dunn's Mustard

Family Skeleton.
A little tot, saying her prayers, was asked by her mother why she had not asked God's forgiveness for some special act of disobedience.
"Why, mamma, I didn't s'pose you wanted it mentioned outside the family."

TORONTO MUSICAL INSTRUMENT CO.
Full assortment of
PIANOS—"DOMINION"—ORGANS
Sole agents for the celebrated
"Bruno" Guitars, "Victor" Banjos
and all kinds of Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, Music Boxes, &c, &c. Tuning and repairing of all instruments.
346 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO
JOSEPH RUSE, Manager

JOHN FLETCHER
IRON AND STEEL WORK
ROOFS, GIRDERS, BEAMS, STAIRS, COLUMNS
AND ALL KINDS OF IRON WORK FOR BUILDING PURPOSES.
Office: 530 Yonge Street, Toronto

BARRETT & CO.
Real Estate and Commercial Exchange
TELEPHONE 897

18 Yonge St. Arcade Toronto, Ont.
St. Charles Restaurant
LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS
70 YONGE STREET
Next door to Dominion Bank
Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor. Finest Bar in Canada. Choice Stock of Liquors and Cigars
HEASLIP & PIERCE
Proprietors

PATENTS
Caveats and *Re-issues* secured, *Trade-Marks* registered, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully prosecuted.
Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention. I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability free of charge.
With my offices *directly across from the Patent Office*, and being in personal attendance there, it is apparent that I have superior facilities for making prompt preliminary searches, for the more vigorous and successful prosecution of applications for patents, and for attending to all business connected to my office in the shortest possible time.
FEES MODERATE, and *exclusive attention given to patent business*. Information, advice and special references sent on request.
R. J. LITTELL,
Solicitor and Attorney in Patent Causes,
(Mention this Paper.) Opposite the U. S. Patent Office.

PROF. DAVIDSON
CHIROPODIST & MANICURE
Finger Nails Beautified, Corns, Bunions and In-grow Nails Cured without Pain.
Has Removed to Room 1
39 KING STREET WEST

ALASKA CREAM
FOR CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, AND ALL ROUGHNESS of the SKIN.
LIPS,
25 CENTS TO BE HAD OF ALL DRUGGISTS 25 CENTS

MENIER CHOCOLATE
UNRIVALLED. UNEQUALLED.
PUREST IN THE WORLD.
CONTAINS no CHEMICALS or ADULTERATIONS.
Paris Exposition, 1889 } 3 GRAND PRIZES. 3 GOLD MEDALS.
Ask your Grocer for
MENIER CHOCOLATE (YELLOW WRAPPER)
For Sale Everywhere.
BRANCH HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

DAVID CRAWFORD, MONTREAL, AGENT

A Household Remedy.
Ayer's Pills are invaluable for children, and should always be kept ready for use in case of an emergency. ** I have used Ayer's Pills, in my family, for the past fifteen years. I give them to my children, in preference to any other physic, and always with satisfactory results. I consider this medicine a household necessity, and would not be without it.—B. F. Stevenson, Yonkers, N. Y.
I have used Ayer's Cathartic Pills, in my family, for ten years. They are pleasant and safe to take, and agree with MY CHILDREN better than any medicine known to me. For stomach, liver, and bowel complaints, I consider Ayer's Pills unequalled.—Mrs. Helen H. French, Jackson, Mich.
I have used Ayer's Pills for over twenty years, and am never without them. As a family medicine they are unsurpassed.—Jefferson S. Tennis, New Hampshire, O.
I have used Ayer's Pills many years, in my practice and in my family, and have found them entirely satisfactory, as a cathartic medicine.—George E. Waller, M. D., Martinsville, Va.
Ayer's Pills are made from the concentrated extracts and active remedial properties of purely vegetable substances. They are therefore more effective and safer than pills made by the ordinary process, with powdered drugs. ** I have used Ayer's Pills from childhood. They have been my family medicine for years, and never fail to give perfect satisfaction.—Mrs. C. E. Clark, Tewksbury, Mass.
Ayer's Cathartic Pills are considered a household necessity to my customers, and always give perfect satisfaction. Mrs. BEST PHYSICIANS invariably use them in their practice.—Calvin Tilton, Druggist, Allendale, Mo.
We have used Ayer's Sugar-Coated Pills many years, and think them a very safe and excellent family aperient.—A. B. Foster, Children's Home, Westville, Conn.
For the past five years I was seldom free from the torturing pains of Neuralgia. At last I discovered a remedy in Ayer's Cathartic Pills, which not only afforded immediate relief, but have completely cured me.—Mrs. Lemuel N. Hunnewell, McConnellsburgh, Pa.
AYER'S SUGAR-COATED CATHARTIC PILLS,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

ED. E. FARRINGER
TEACHER OF
Piano, Violin, Cornet & Orchestral Instruments
will accept engagements as Cornet Soloist for Concerts and Entertainments. Apply to or address
58 Homewood Avenue

H. M. FIELD
FROM LEIPSIC AND FRANKFORT
Piano Virtuoso
195 Gloucester Street & Toronto College of Music
Will accept engagements for Concerts, and will also take pupils in Piano Theory and Instrumentation.

MR. E. W. SCHUCH
Choirmaster Church of the Redeemer, Conductor University Glee Club, has resumed instruction in
Voice Culture and Expression in Singing
At his residence,
3 Avenue Street (College Avenue).

HARMONY BY CORRESPONDENCE
To accommodate those living at a distance
MR. THOS. SINGLETON, Port Hope, Ont., Will give lessons in harmony as above and prepare candidates for examinations in Music at Trinity College and the Toronto Conservatory of Music. All Mr. Singleton's pupils who have taken the Trinity examinations have been successful. Reference—Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac. and A.C.O. (Eng.), Toronto.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Organ, Piano and Harmony
94 Gloucester Street

WALTER DONVILLE
Teacher of Violin
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.
8 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipsic, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
at the Toronto College of Music
Residence 349 Jarvis Street

SIGNOR ED. RUBINI
Pianoforte pupil of Moscheles and Thalberg, late principal professor of singing at the London Academy, London, Eng., is now a resident of Toronto, and gives lessons in singing to ladies and gentlemen, amateur and professional students, and specially prepares pupils for all branches of the musical profession—operatic, concerts and oratorios. Voice production is one of Signor Rubini's specialties. Terms moderate. Circulars on application at residence, 101 Gerrard St. East, or to Messrs. Nordheimer's or Messrs. Suckling & Sons.

MISS ALICE WALTZ
Late Solo Soprano, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and St. John's R. C. Church, Philadelphia.
CONCERT, ORATORIO AND RECITAL
Pupils received in Voice Culture.
417 Church Street

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
150 Carlton St., opp. Horticultural Gardens
Established 1884
Under the direction of
CHAS. FARRINGER
A German educated in Germany.
Our primary Department is second to none, and is not only nominally, but actually, under supervision of the Principal.
VOICE CULTURE AND PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION.
MISS MARIE C. STRONG, Primo-Contralto, has much pleasure in announcing that she is now prepared to give lessons in Voice Culture and Pianoforte Playing. Open for engagements at sacred and secular concerts. Circulars, terms, etc., at the piano warerooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, and Suckling & Sons', or 20 Bond Street.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
Thorough Instruction in All Branches
F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director

INCORPORATED 1886 — TORONTO — HON. G. W. ALLAN President.
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
OVER 1,000 PUPILS LAST TWO YEARS.
All branches taught: Instrumental and Vocal Music, Oratorio and Church Music, Elocution, Languages, etc. SCHOLARSHIPS, CERTIFICATES and DIPLOMAS granted. FREE Theory and Violin classes. FREE concerts, recitals and lectures. Organ students can practice and have lessons on magnificent new instrument, built especially for Conservatory. Pupils may enter at any time. Send for new 88-page Calendar.
Address EDWARD FISHER, Music Director, Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.

BRITISH AMERICAN ARCADE, YONGE ST. TORONTO. — Business College
The oldest and most reliable of its kind in the Dominion. All subjects pertaining to a business education thoroughly taught by able and experienced teachers.
C. O'DEA, Secretary.

THE ASSOCIATED ARTISTS'
SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN
Antique, Life and Painting Classes Daily
Applications may be made at the rooms, M and N, Yonge Street Arcade.

AN EXPERIENCED TUTOR—English Public School man. Prepares boys for entrance examinations at the English Public Schools; also for University Matriculation. Address I. ROSS-WETHERMAN, 21 Fritland Street, Toronto.

HARMONIUM—The Lord Bishop of Toronto, Sir Daniel Wilson, the Provost of Trinity, Elmes Henderson, Esq., Dr. Temple, Mr. Justice Street

A SPLENDID CHANCE
WE WILL GIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS
"SATURDAY NIGHT"
AND THE
WORLD TYPEWRITER
For $10, cash with order. The price of the Typewriter alone is $15. See advertisement of this machine in another column.

L. R. O'BRIEN, R.C.A.
Studio, 20 College Street
Open to the public on Saturday afternoons from 3 to 5. Mr. O'Brien's work this year includes sketches and paintings from the south and west coasts of England.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS
Nicklethwaite's Fine Crayon Portraits
Prize Award at Toronto Industrial, 1889
Gallery cor. King and Jarvis Sts., Toronto
$20 Crayon and Frame for $10. Satisfactory likeness guaranteed.

J. FRASER BRYCE
PHOTOGRAPHER
107 King St. West - TORONTO

J. W. L. FORSTER PORTRAITS ART
Studio - 81 King St. East

JOHN P. MILL
Has a large assortment of
SWISS AND AMERICAN WATCHES
From Three Dollars up.
445½ Yonge Street, opp. College Ave.

THE "JEWEL" RESTAURANT
Jordan Street
This favorite restaurant of Toronto's business men has recently been enlarged and refitted throughout.
Reading and smoking rooms.
HENRY MORGAN - - Proprietor

THE LEADER SAMPLE ROOM
THE CHOICEST LINES OF
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS
First-Class Restaurant in Connection
E. SULLIVAN, Proprietor

- M. McCONNELL -
46 and 48 King Street East.
Commendator Port Wine in cases and bulk. Family trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Moet and Chandon "White Seal," George Goulet and other leading brands of Champagne. Over half a million imported cigars always in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

FOR OYSTERS SERVED IN TRUE VIRGINIA STYLE
CALL AT
JAKE'S VIRGINIA RESTAURANT
DOORS NEVER CLOSED
Grand Opera House Building. Tel. 2060

DON'T TAKE UP YOUR CARPETS
We have removed to 509½ Yonge Street, to more commodious premises, where we are prepared to fill all orders for cleaning carpets without taking them up. We also take up and relay carpets where it is necessary. Toronto Carpet and Flush Renovating Co.

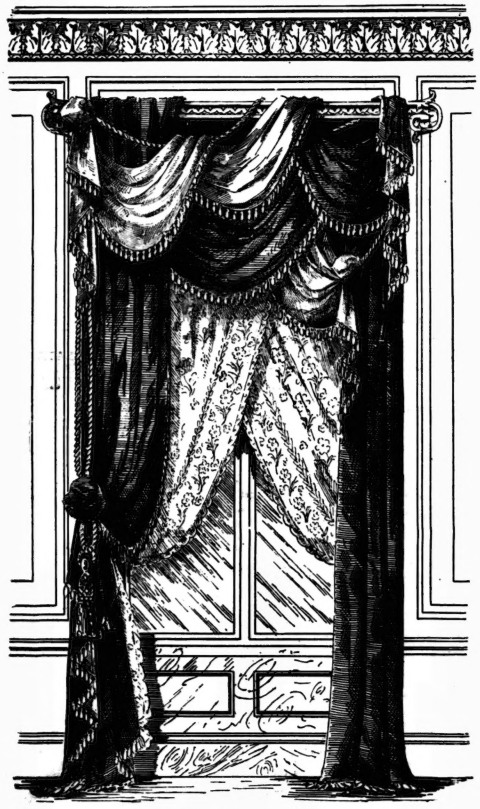
F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST
172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's Dry Goods Store
OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY
Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections. Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to modern dentistry practiced.
CHAS. P. LENNOX
Yonge Street Arcade - - Room B
Telephone 1846

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE
Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476
C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

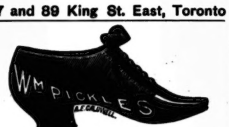
C. V. SNELGROVE
Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto
New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns a specialty.
Telephone 3631

DR. McLAUGHLIN
DENTIST
Corner College and Yonge Streets
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.



A NEW STYLE OF WINDOW DRAPERY.
From Decorator and Furnisher.

LOST
All tenderness and soreness of the feet since we have been buying our
BOOTS AND SHOES
From that old reliable house of
H. & C. BLACHFORD
AMERICAN GOODS A SPECIALTY
87 and 89 King St. East, Toronto



WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT OUR stock of Boots and Shoes for fall wear, consisting of the best American and Canadian makes. 238 Yonge St.

THE THEO TIE
And other pretty styles in
Ladies' Dress Slippers
Gentlemen's Dress Shoes
Choice and cheap
SPRING GOODS
ARRIVING

WM. WEST & CO., 246 Yonge Street

The Home Savings & Loan Co. (Limited)
OFFICE No. 78 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.
Deposits received, small and large sums. Interest at highest current rates allowed.
HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

MISSES PATON & GOULD
Modistes and Fashionable Dressmakers
Rooms in R. Walker & Sons' Golden Lion.

MISS PLUMMER
MODISTE
57 GLOUCESTER STREET

THE MAGIC SCALE
Best Tailor System of Cutting. Perfect-Fitting Sleeve a Specialty
Hall's Bazaar and Dress Forms for Draping Dresses.
CORSETS
made to order—perfect fit guaranteed. Waist linings cut for 25c.
436 1-2 Yonge Street.

DRESS CUTTING
The New Tailor System
(Late Prof. Moody's) stands First and Best, is taught thoroughly here or through the mail. Satisfaction assured. Large inducements to agents.
DRESSMAKING
Perfection in Fit, Fashion and Finish. Special attention to evening wear and mantle making.
MILLINERY
Closing out well assorted stock Stylish work at greatly reduced prices.
J. & A. CARTER
372 Yonge St., Toronto

PATTERSON & FENTON
Dentists
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE 169 COLLEGE ST. — DOWN TOWN OFFICE 141 YONGE ST.
Dental Electric Vibrator for Painless Extraction

WANTED
A Good Penman to write at home. Either sex. Steady work. Address in your own handwriting, and enclose 5c. silver, for our reply, and full Illustrated Particulars.
A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

SUNBEAMS
ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West
Photographs of all sizes
Sunbeams $1 per doz.

McCAUSLAND & SON'S
WALL PAPER
IMPORTATIONS
ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADES AND PRICES
76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO

CANADIAN SECRET SERVICE
Under Government Patronage. Head Office, Temple Building, Montreal.
Legitimate detective work done at reasonable rates and performed in an honorable manner. Nothing done that in any way interferes with the marital relations.
Box 1909, Montreal. JOHN A. GROSS, Manager.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
The Old and Popular Rail Route to
MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO
And all Principal Points in
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES
It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.
For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket offices.
F. J. SLATTER, City Passenger Agent,
Corner King and Yonge streets and 80 York street, Toronto.
Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

WINTER TOURS
Bermuda, Nassau, Florida, Jamaica, Cuba, California, British Columbia, Colorado, Texas
A. F. WEBSTER, 58 Yonge St.
GENERAL TICKET AGENT.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
TOURIST ONE WAY
EXCURSIONS
FOR 1890
TO
British Columbia
Washington Territory
Oregon and California
On FRIDAY
February - - - - - - 14th, 28th
March - - - - - - 14th 28th
For berths and all information, apply to any Agent of the Company, or write
W. R. CALLAWAY, District Passenger Agent, 24 York Street, Toronto.

AUTOHARPS

3 Bar	$4.00
4 Bar	5.00
5 Bar	6.00
4 Bars, 9 Chords	12.50
5 Bars, 11 Chords	15.00
5 Bars, 13 Chords	25.00

Largest stock in Canada of
Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Accordeons, Concertinas, &c.
Everything in the Musical line, Sheet Music, Music Books. Everything up to the times and at the right prices.
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
MUSIC DEALERS
158 Yonge Srteet, Toronto

J. W. Cheeseworth
TAILOR AND DRAPER,
106 King St. West
A Complete Assortment of
Fall and Winter Goods
Suitable for Gentlemen's present wear
N.B.—The public should call and see our Cheviots and Scotch Tweeds, suitable for Double-breasted Sack Suits.

HIGH CLASS PORTRAITS
IN
Oils, Water Color and Crayon
WEST END ART STUDIO
375½ Spadina Avenue, Toronto
Mrs. A. S. Davies, Miss M. E. Bryans, Artistes
Opal and Ivorine Portraits a Specialty
Instructions given in portraits and decorative art on china, satin and glass. For specimens, terms, etc., call at above address.

55 CENTS
The small purchase amounting to 55c.—fifty-five cents, for which a numbered receipt or voucher is given, may win the prize of the watch worth one thousand dollars—$1000. Americans as well as Canadians will please note the fact. This said watch is the finest in America as a mechanical work of art. Send for circulars.
RUSSELL'S
9 King Street West, Toronto

JAS. COX & SON
83 Yonge Street
PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS
Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

THE PARMELEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO.
GRAVEL ROOFING
For all kinds of Flat Roofs.
ASPHALT PAVING
For Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.
Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.
10 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY
Examinations, Oral or Written.
MRS. HENDON, 252 McCaul Street.

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 679.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Ten.)

nell, Miss M. MacIntosh, Mr. J. D. Mackay, Messrs. S. F. and S. C. Macdonald, Mr. F. B. MacMahon, Dr. F. Moore, Miss C. Murray, Miss Mulholland, Mr. and Mrs. A. Meredith, Mrs. K. Miller, Mr. Charles and Miss Morrison, Miss Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Morrison, Mr. F. A. Manning, Capt. W. Mattos, Mr. J. T. Matthews, Mr. J. F. Mason, Mr. G. Monk, Mr. James Maclennan, Mrs. James Macdonell, Miss Morgan, Miss F. Morgan, Mr. W. McCausland, Mr. A. McLean, Mr. J. A. McMullen, Mrs. McLeury, Mrs. McDougall, Capt. McGee, Capt. McDougal, Mrs. McDougall, Mr. S. and Mrs. G. H. McPherson, Mr. Frank McPhillips, Mr. D. A. McMahon, Miss McInnis, Mr. A. McKay, Mr. J. B. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Neville, Miss L. Nunn, Mr. H. B. Nicholson, Mr. H. G. Nunn, Miss Nunn, Miss Nudel, Mr. A Nairn, Mr and Mrs. G. A. Newman, Miss Orr, Miss O'Brien, Mr. F. C. Oxenham, Mrs. Percival, Mrs. Prince, Mr. L. V. Percival, Mr. F. B. Polson, Rufus Pope, M.P., Mr. C. G. Pepler, Miss Parsons, Mr. H. W. Pringle, Miss Price, Miss G Pyke, Mr. E P. Pearson, Mrs. Pearson, Mr. H. Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Miss Palmer, Miss K. Parsons, Mrs. Perrin, Mr. A Piddington, Dr. Pepler, Mr. P. Darcy Penn, Mr. J. B. Richardson, Miss Ross, Miss Roberts, Mrs J. G Ramsey, Mr. F. J. Ross, Mrs J. E Rogers, Mr. D. Roberts, Mrs. E W. Rathbun, Mr. W. M. Rose, Mr. G. M. Rose, jr., Mr. F. W. Rose, Mr. R. A. Robinson, Miss Ross, Miss Aggie Ross, Dr. and Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Mr. A. R. Roaf, Mr. J. C. Read, Miss C. Reed, Miss Robbins, Miss Ridout, Mr. Geo. Russell, Mr. F. H. Ramsey, Mr. Wm. Ryan, Mr. Hugh Ryan, Mr. G P. Read, Mr. G. Ritchie, Mr. H. Robinson, Mr. F. Ramsey, Mr. A. G. Ross, Miss Simpson, Mr. G. A. Stinson, Spanish Consul, of Quebec, Capt. Strong, Mrs. Strong, Miss Strong, Mr. H. C. Schofield, Miss K. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sirley, Mr. J. E. Suckling, Mr. H. A. Shaw, Miss Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Simpson, Mrs C. M and the Misses Shanly, Miss Sullivan, Miss Strathy, Mrs. W. M. Strathy, Mr. F. Sparling, Miss G. Scott, Mr. A. H. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. G. R and Miss Smith, Mr. G. F. Shepley, Mr. J. R Seaver Mr. H. C. Scadding, Mr. Jas. Strachan, Mr. R. C. Sinclair, Miss Stewart, Mr. G H Sweny, Mr. O. B. and Miss Stanton, Mr. W. A. Sherwood, Miss Scarlett, Miss G. Snibley, Mrs. J. D. Smith, Mr. J. S. and Mrs. Smith, Dr. P. A. and Mrs. Strathy, Mrs. Grant Stewart, Mr. D. A. Starr, Miss F. Small, Mr. G. H. and Mrs. Towner, Miss May Thompson, Mr. F. A. Turner, Miss Turner, Miss F. Turner, Mr. H. R. Tilley, Mrs. J. and the Misses Threlkeld, Mrs. W. D. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Taylor, Lieut.-Col. and Miss Todhis, Dr. Tuttle, Mr. R. H. and the Misses Tindle, Mr. F. S. and Miss Taggart, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Trow, Mrs. R. S. Thorne, Mr. H. P. Torrance, Mrs. George Vankoughnet, Miss Vivian, Mr. H. and Miss Wade, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Warwick, Mr. A. G. and Miss Williams, Mrs. and Miss Wadsworth, Mr. D, Mrs. and Miss Walker, Mr. D. R. Wilkie.

•

It is whispered that Mrs. Albert Nordheimer will give a musicale during Lent and a ball at Easter.

•

Mrs. Charles Scadding of New York is staying with her father, Mr. Donaldson of 3 North street, on a short visit.

•

Mrs. Pellatt of 349 Sherbourne street gave a large and enjoyable At Home on Thursday afternoon, February 13, between the hours of four and seven o'clock.

•

Miss Ethel Widder of Goderich is staying with her sister, Mrs. A. J. Johnson of 52 Bloor street west.

•

Last Saturday society flocked to Mrs. Edward W. Sprague's of Beverley street At Home between half past four and seven o'clock.

•

Mrs. Fred Jarvis of Jarvis street entertained a few of her many friends on Thursday evening of last week, giving a small dance for Miss Stewart of Hamilton, who is staying with her. It is whispered this young lady will shortly make Toronto her home.

•

Miss Jessie Murray of Albany, N. Y., who resided here some four or five years, is staying with Mrs. Henry Duggan of Wilcox street.

•

Miss Cochran of Rochester, a frequent and welcome visitor to this city, is the guest of Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong of Beverley street.

•

Mrs. H. Vincent Greene of 25 Grange avenue gave an enjoyable afternoon At Home yesterday.

•

Mrs. Gianelli of Jamieson avenue, Parkdale, gives an At Home on Tuesday next.

•

Miss Foot of Georgetown is the guest of Mrs. Law.

•

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer and Miss Seymour are visiting in Ottawa.

•

A dance is to be given by Miss Campbell at Government House on Tuesday.

•

Everybody seems to have waited till Lent threatened before bringing on balls and entertainments, and as a result this week has been an unusually gay one. Besides those affairs mentioned elsewhere in these columns, there were the Canoe Club's ball on Thursday evening, and the University conversazione on Friday, both of which events occurred too late to be described here this week.

•

The annual ball of the Wanderers' Snowshoe Club is yearly becoming a greater and more successful social event. The dance which was held in the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening was in many respects ahead of anything they have yet attempted. Over three hundred people were present and it was an assembly presenting a picture of such colors as I have not half room enough to describe. The show of beautiful budding womanhood would have driven Plato to distraction and thawed the frozen heart of the most callous of men. And as for the men—we all have seen the stalwart Wanderers. The stewards were Messrs. E. H. Walsh, C. H. Riggs, J. N. Smith, W. A. Hunter, W. J. Darby, G. B. Toye, G. M. Wells, W. A. Harstone and A. P. Taylor, and these gentlemen threw themselves to make the affair go off as smoothly, as brightly, and as pleasantly as it did. Max O'Rell, the well-known French author, was present for a short time. The music was excellent, and the supper by Lloyd all that could be wished.

•

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Dyas, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. McPherson, Mr. Filmore Cane, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. and Miss Henderson, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Miss McIlroy, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Trow, the Misses Robertson of Collingwood, Miss Holland of Oshawa, Miss C. Scales, Messrs. W. and A. Hurst, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Smith, Miss Hewitt, Messrs. H., A. and Miss Buckland, Mr. F. J. and Miss Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. A. Burdett Lee, Mr. and Mrs. James Rogers, jr., Messrs. Harry and C. Davies, Mrs. Rice, Miss Patrick of Ottawa, Mr. J. D. Lamont, Miss Simons, Mr. R. Wilson, Mr. Phil Ross, Miss Irving, Mr. P. L. and Miss Bailey, Miss Harstone, Mr. F. Warren, Messrs. J. and W. and Miss Mills, Mr. W. Harvey, Miss Darby, the Misses Hunter, G. B. Smith, M.P.P., Mr. Max O'Rell, Mr. I. Suckling, Mr. F. Wells, Mr. E. McCormack, Mr. Vic Lee, Miss Brown, Miss A. Annes of Whitby, Mr. S. Burns, the Misses Courtney, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Brown, Mr. Fred Foster, the Misses Brown, Mr. F. Briner, Mr. Tab Brown, Mr. R. Galbraith, Mr. B. and Miss Ryan, Miss Hatch of Whitby, Miss Muldrew, Miss Piddington, Mr. J. Gardner, Mr. R. Wharin, Mr. Adamson, Miss Vale, Mr. F. and the Misses McEachren, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Rose, Miss Warner, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Clarke, Messrs. L. and D. Merrick, Messrs. G. and J. and Miss Sinclair, Miss Cheyne, Mr. Chandler, Miss Brimston, Miss Meharg, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson of Detroit, Miss Maude Carlisle, Mr. Geo. Little, Miss K. Berkinshaw, Mr. J. Hall, Mrs. H. Hall, Mr. R B. Elgie, Mr. and Miss Walker, Mr. H. Green, Mr. E. A. Badenach, Mr. James Garvin, Mr. R. Galbraith, Mr. E. E. Switzer, Mr. W. R Townley, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hegman, Mr. and Mrs. S. Finch, Mr. J. and Miss Bickell, Miss F. Carlisle, Miss T. H. Kelso, Miss Wilson, Miss N. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. F. Hudson, Mr. S Samuel, Miss Pharley, the Misses Smith, J. Irvine, Mr. and Miss Russell, B. Nicholl, Miss R and C. and Miss Morrison, Mr. J. Logan and Miss Logan, Charles Brown, George Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. G. Simpson, Mr. Hess, Mr. Haas, Mr. W. J. McBride, J. McGarron, Mr. F. McCausland, F. Taggart, Miss Taggart, Bert Tinning, Frank Till, M. Rolls, J. Coffee, Fred Dixon, Miss Broderick of St. Thomas, Mr. J. Grant, Miss M. Campbell, Mr. and Miss Stinson, Mr. A. Doherty, Mr. Herlich, H V. Morse, Miss Wylie, Mr. J. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Duperow, Miss Stone, Mr. J. Dignum, Mr. J. T. and Miss Matthews, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mr. and Miss S. Cowper, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel May, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Walker, Mr. C. Walker, Mr. Hal O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gordon, Miss Creighton, J. R. Donald, Dr. Trow, Miss Trow, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Fletcher, Mr. S. J. Bull, Miss A. Charlton, Mr. Bruce Nicholls, Mr. and Mrs J. G. Gibson, Messrs. C. and R. Pennington, Mr. S. P. Paton, Miss L. Taggart, Mrs. A. F. Colley of Philadelphia, Miss Welnaugh, Mr. H. A. Small, Mr. L. H. Howard, the Misses Gurney, Mrs. Way, Mr. F. B. Polson, Mr. A. McKay, Mr. A. Kelly, Mr. George Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy, Miss Galer, Miss A. Wylie, Mr. J. J. Threlkeld, Miss E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Bingham, Mr. Currie, Mr. J. H. Gerrie, Miss M. Lee, Mr. F. McCausland, Miss Watson, Mr. F. D. Barclay, Miss Mabel Watson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Simpson, Miss E. Toye, Mr. J. Home, Mr. P. F. Ross, Miss Hollenbeck, Mr. G. M. Rose, jr., Mr. R. B. Burns, Mr. J. J. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Smith, Mr. W. Mitchell, Mr. F. Briner, Mr. J. L. Coffee, Mr. Drew Smith, Miss Smith, Mr. G. H. Lundy, Mr. W. E. Cassidy, Mr. Wm. Harvey, Mr. H. B. Somers, Mr. P. M. Phillips, Mr. J. Nicholson of Hamilton, Mr. W. J. Thomson, Mrs. Walter Strowger, Mr. E. Badenach, Mr. Wm. Cryer, Miss M. McCormack, Mr. W. C. Meredith, Mr. W. Patterson, Miss M. Hunter, Mr. G. Little, Miss Higman, Mr. Frank Warren, Miss Vance, Mr. W. F. Scott of Brampton, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Geo. Johnston, Mr. J. M. Sorley, Miss C. Smith, Mr. E. Lye, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Torrey, Mr. R. Shuttleworth, Mr. W. Power, Miss Richardson, the Misses Dill, Mr. A. Meharg, Mr. J. F. Boxall, Miss Grover, Mr. G. Christie, Miss Small, Mr. S. A. Goodman, Miss E. C. Warner, Mr. Fred Hudson, Miss C. Williams of Cobourg, Mr. J. E. Abbott, Miss E. McGibbon of Milton, Miss Haskett, Mr. Nesbitt, Miss M. Hollworth, Miss Russell, Miss Rees and Mr J. F. Pringle.

•

An important social event east of the Don was the marriage on Wednesday evening of Mr. F. T. Burgess and Miss Olive Welsman, in Woodgreen Methodist Tabernacle. The beautifully decorated church was crowded, and many could not gain admittance. The bridesmaids were: Miss Treloar, Miss Burgess, Miss Sherk, Miss Shields and little Alice Welsman, and the groomsman was Dr. J. A. Burgess. The gentlemen who officiated as ushers were Messrs. N. D. Mills, F. Welsman, Herbert Burgess and Master Willie Macfarlane. The bride and bridesmaids wore cream satin and cashmere, looking daintily pretty in the mellow light. Mr. and Mrs. Burgess left the city by a late train for New York and other American cities.

•

On Tuesday, Dr. and Mrs. McConnell of Homewood Hall, Dundas, welcomed a large number of friends to an At Home on the occasion of the opening of their beautiful new house. Especial care had been taken in perfecting the arrangements, and the most delightful evening was enjoyed by all. Dancing began about ten o'clock, and flying feet and bright faces paid happy tribute to the hospitality of the genial doctor and his wife. Refreshments were served by G. S. McConkey in well-appointed style. Mrs. McConnell wore a handsome gown of *eau de nil* satin, *en traine*, with trimmings of pearl passementerie, and diamond ornaments.

•

Those present were: Rev. J. M. and Mrs. Ballard, Dr. and Mrs. Lynd, Dr. and Mrs. Cotton, Dr. and Mrs. Spence, Dr. and Miss McArthur, Dr. Orr, Dr. Ellis, Prof. Baker, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Badgerow, Mr. and Mrs. H. Reesor, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Donaldson, Capt., Mrs. and Miss Douglass, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Capt. Symons, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ambery, Capt. G. J., Mr. J. and Miss Ashworth. Mr. and Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, Miss Rowe, Miss Bann of Penetanguishene, Miss Cook, the Misses. Ambery, Mrs. and Miss Cross, Mr. J. Burke, Mrs. Severs, Mr. and Mrs. J. and Miss Donaldson, Mr. W. A. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. E. Piper, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Piper, Mr. Acheson, Mr. Howden, Mr. D'Eyncourt Strickland, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Mingay, Mr. and the Misses Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, Miss Dale, Mr. H. W. Church, Mr. H. Strickland, Mr. F. Kennedy, Mr. J. and the Misses Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Schofield, Miss White, Mr. J. M. Briggs, Mr. W. J. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, Mr. S. N. Sampson, Mr. W. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Lee of Parkdale, Mr. Begg, Mr. and Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Arnold.

•

Miss Smyth of Simcoe street gave an enjoyable At Home on Thursday evening, February 6. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Fraleigh, Mr. and Mrs. Kidner and the Misses Weston, Miss Hill, Miss E. Dunn, Miss Wright, Miss Allison, Miss Deverall, Miss Chard, Miss Annie Smythe, Messrs. Sharp, McBride, McMillan, W. Tinning, Elbourul, Ludwig, McDonald, F. W. Tinning, Smyth, R. G. Smyth. The hostess looked charming in cream faille silk and coral ornaments; Mrs. Smyth, black silk; Miss Hill, pale blue nun's veiling, pearl ornaments; Miss Annie Smythe, black satin, jet trimming; Miss Dunn, black moire silk; Miss Allison, black silk, silver ornaments; Miss Deverall, pale pink nun's veiling; Miss Weston, black silk, lace overdress; Miss B. Weston, pale green; Miss K. Weston, cream cashmere; Mrs. Kidner, black lace and jet; Mrs. Hamilton, black velvet, natural flowers; Miss Chard, navy and cream; Miss Wright, black satin, natural flowers.

•

Mr. F. M. Wade was dined by a few friends at the Victoria Club, on Tuesday evening, prior to his departure for Chicago, where he is going to fill a responsible position in the American Short Horn Breeders' Association. Mr. Wade has been for several years a prominent member of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, and his loss will be felt by that organization, as he was a good sailor and a most enthusiastic yachtsman. His absence will not be regretted alone by the jolly yachting men, but by a host of friends in Toronto, who will wish him every success in his new position. The dinner passed off most successfully. The chair was occupied by Lieut. Col. Richard L. Denison, and the vice chair by Mr. Wm. Creelman. Among the company present were the following gentlemen: Messrs. H. G. Brown, H. Hoyles, Kelly Evans, Hesse, A. Munro Grier, S. Baldwin, W. J. Fleury, A. E. McRae, A. S. McVitty, H. J. L. Lawes, N. B. Dick, W. Thompson, H. Torrance, F. Turner, Henry Wade, R. Baldwin, R. Y. Baldwin, F. Stewart Dickey and Walter F. Stewart.

•

Mrs. T. W. Hollwey of Beverley street returned home last Saturday after an absence of nearly three months in Florida. Mr. J. G. Kennedy of St. Augustine, auditor of the J. and K. W. and P. Railway system extending all over Florida, and his exceedingly pleasant family, well known in Toronto during our summers, made it their special charge that Mrs. Hollwey should not return home without seeing all there was to be seen of the Flowery State, and among the many delightful excursions they made was one to Tampa, Key West and Cuba.

•

Mr. John White has just arrived from England to engage in the wholesale lace trade with his brother, Mr. E. O. White, who will still manage the business. Their name has been a familiar one in the lace trade for the past twenty years. Since his visit of fourteen years ago Mr. White notices great development in the city.

•

Mrs. John Worthington and her daughter, Mrs. Elwood, who have been staying at the Palmer House, Chicago, have left for Hot Springs, Arkansas. They are accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Worthington, and the party intend visiting Texas and California before returning to Toronto in May.

•

Mr. Harry E. Howell left last week to spend a few days in New Orleans.

•

The annual At Home and banquet of St. Andrew's Lodge, held in the Masonic Hall on Tuesday evening, was a very successful affair and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were present.

MONEY-SAVING OPPORTUNITY

McKEOWN & COMPANY

For the week commencing February 17 will give

Unprecedented Bargains in Black and Mourning Dress Goods

All-wool Henrietta Cloths, 50c., 65c and 75c.; Silk Wrap Henrietta Cloths, 75c., 85c. and $1; Imperial Crepe Cloths, 25c., 35c and 45c; Black Foule Serges (special value). 35c; New Black Lustres, 10c. 12½c., 15c., 20c, 25c and 35c; 500 yards Black Merveilleux (all silk), 45c. a yard; Courtland's Crepes, all prices

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO MOURNING ORDERS

PERFECT DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING

M'KEOWN & COMPANY

182 Yonge Street

JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE

Matinees Every Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday

MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY **BANDIT KING**

The Picturesque and Peerless

MR. WALLTER JOE HOWARD 2375th to 2381st PERFORMANCE

Thursday, Friday and Saturday - SAM HOUSTON, the Hero of Texas

Including an auxiliary force of 50 men, women and horses, and a Cavacade of Texas Rangers.

Prices 15c., 20c., 30c., 35c. and 50c. Week Feb. 24—SIBERIA

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto. Telephone No. 2033

The owners order us to sell a large lot of fine Albums sent us direct from the factory, and put on a price that will make them sell. We make the price 8c. up to $1.99. They are really worth from 25c. to $5.

In our Bargain Tables through the center of the store will be found goods at from one-quarter to one-third the usual prices. All our goods are new and fresh, and very best makes. A new Catalogue and Price List now ready. Call for or send and get one.

W. H. BENTLEY & CO.

TRIUMPHANT OVER ALL COMPETITORS

The official list of awards at the EXPOSITION UNIVERSALLE, PARIS, 1889, proves that the HIGHEST possible PREMIUM, the ONLY GRAND PRIZE for Sewing Machines, was awarded to the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co. Then why buy a cheaply-constructed shuttle machine when you can get the Rotary, Light-Running, High-Arm, Noiseless Wheeler & Wilson for the same price? The Acknowledged Best in the World. For a Useful and Handsome Holiday or Wedding Present buy Our No. 9 Parlor Cabinet.

See our No. 12 and D 12 Machines for Tailoring, Leather Work, and all manufacturing purposes.

WHEELER & WILSON MANF'G CO.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE FOR ONTARIO:

GEO. BARRETT, Manager 266 Yonge Street

TELEPHONE 277 TORONTO

Reliable

I have four flats, 26 x 100, well stocked with Bedroom Suites, Diningroom Suites, Parlor Suites, Hall Racks, Tables, Book Cases, etc., etc.

I make any style of Furniture to order at *your own price*. In Upholstering I carry a large stock of Covering and Frames, and can supply anything.

FINE UPHOLSTERING AND FURNITURE

R. F. PIEPER

436 Yonge Street

Large Stock

Fancy Furniture imported from Germany, England, France, United States, etc., in great variety at lowest possible prices. It will be a pleasure to see them.

All my furniture is guaranteed by me. I have but *one price*—everything marked in plain figures. I pack for purchasers from the country free of charge.

Prices Low **Showing no Trouble**

Academy of Music

ONE WEEK

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

Commencing Monday, Feb. 17

BOLOSSY KIRALFY'S

FAIRY SPECTACLE, THE

WATER QUEEN

Resplendent with Grand Ballets, Gorgeous Scenery, Glittering Armor, Magnificent Costumes, Charming Music, Enchanting Transformation, and a Host of Novelties.

DO NOT FAIL TO SEE

THE PIALERAS — ALICE GILBERT

MLLE. PARIS — ARNOLD KIRALFY

HELEN SEDGWICK

3 GRAND BALLETS 3

3 NOVEL SPECIALTIES 3

3 CHARMING PREMIERS 3

100 IN THE GRAND PRODUCTION 100

The Royal Hand-Bell Ringers

Are absolutely peerless. Sixteen times have they been honored in Great Britain by Royal patronage and command. Mr. Hayward, who comes with them, is a phenomenon of genius and dexterity, and evokes the greatest enthusiasm by his marvelous manipulation of the Xylophone, Metallophone and Dulcimer. They will be at the Horticultural Pavilion on Thursday and Friday evenings, February 20th and 21st, at 8 o'clock, and on Saturday, the 22nd, at 3 p.m. To give every one an opportunity of enjoying the rare privilege of hearing these masters of melody, tickets will be sold to every part of House for only FIFTY CENTS each. Seats may be reserved for Thursday and Friday without extra charge. Plan of hall at Nordheimer's, 15 King Street East, opens February 15th, at 10 a.m.

Friend & Taylor

No. 1 ROSSIN BLOCK

GENTLEMEN'S FULL DRESS TOILET

Prince Alberts, Silk Lined Overcoats a Specialty

Ideal in fabrics made from the choicest wools by the best looms in the world and make them in the most

THOROUGHLY ARTISTIC MANNER

at the lowest prices consistent with the highest standard

PROF. DAVIS

TEACHER OF

DANCING

ETC.

91 Wilton Av., Toronto

INVENTOR AND INTRODUCER OF THE "Jersey," "Ripple," "La Bronco" "La Zieka," "Eureka," "Lawn Tennis Dance," the "Minuet Waltz," &c. Also composer of Superior Piano Music for all his dances.

DANCING—PROF. S. M. EARLY

Teacher of Society Dancing

Highland Fling, Sword Dance, Shaun Truss, Sailors' Hornpipe, Jig and Clog Dances. Private or class lessons day and evening.

Academy 104 Peter Street

BALMORAL CHOIR

OF GLASGOW

AND

MR. R. J. PATRICK

(The Side-splitting Comedian) at

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

ON

Saturday and Monday Next

Plan now open at Nordheimers'. Tickets 50c. and 25c.

Proceeds applied to "Canadian Temperance League" Coffee Houses and Gospel Temperance work.

SEWING MACHINES

LADIES:

Do you prefer a Machine with an Oscillating Shuttle?

Or one with a Vibrating Shuttle?

Or an Automatic with a Single Thread?

We make them all.

The Singer Manufacturing Company, New York

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

Central Office for Canada: - No. 66 King Street "West," Toronto

Fine Custom Clothing

Imported and Canadian Cloths

FASHIONABLE CAPE OVERCOATS---Made up in the latest style from $15 to $25.

DRESS OVERCOATS---Beaver, Melton or Nap. These coats are cut, finished and trimmed equal to anything manufactured in Toronto or out of it. We import only the best materials, employ only the best workmen and we always guarantee a fit.

DOUBLE BREASTED PRINCE ALBERT SUITS---Made from fine black and colored worsteds. For $28 we can give you a complete suit, elegantly finished and trimmed.

R. WALKER & SONS

33 to 37 King St. East
18 to 24 Colborne St.

Later Music.

After the lull in musical matters, the clouds are breaking a little, and we may conclude that a short season of music will brighten matters before Lent casts its shadow over the merriment of the winter. On Wednesday of last week an interesting service of song was held at the Church of the Redeemer, when several fine works were sung by the choir, the chief of which was Mendelssohn's Hear My Prayer, the solo being sung by Miss Hillary with feeling and taste. Mrs. Nicholson and Mr. Harry Blight also sang solos artistically, and Mrs. Blight played several organ solos in musicianly style in spite of the organ, whose freshness well justified the object of the collection, that of improving and completing the instrument.

•

This week opened with an excellent concert by the choir of Holy Trinity Church given in the school house on Monday evening. The part songs and concerted pieces by the choir displayed its resources and the energy of its choirmaster and organist, Mr. A. R. Blackburn. The music by the choir and its soloists was agreeably interspersed with solos by Miss Reeve and Miss Hutchinson, and readings by Miss Jessie Alexander.

•

Tuesday evening brought the concert in aid of the Haven and Prison Gate Mission which drew a large audience to Association Hall. The soloists were Miss Marie C. Strong, Mrs. Wm. Davidson, Miss Scott, Mr. Dent, Mr. Blight, Mr. Thomas Baugh and Miss Jennie Houston, in addition to whom Miss Alice Waltz made her first Toronto appearance in a large auditorium, when her full voice made a decidedly favorable impression. Her voice has volume and richness and a high range, and she sings with taste and expression. Her rendering of Mattei's Dear Heart was received with prolonged applause, a double recall being honored by a fine performance of Bonnie Sweet Bessie.

•

The list of musical events was further augmented by the concert of the Philharmonic Society on Thursday evening and the University conversazione last evening, both of which events are too late for notice in this issue. To-day brings the far-famed Hamilton Minstrels at the Academy of Music for matinee and evening, and to-night the Balmoral Choir gives a concert under the auspices of the Canadian Temperance league at the Pavilion, to be followed by a second performance on Monday evening. The programmes will be entirely different and will display the versatility of the choir to its fullest extent.

•

Mrs. Agnes Thomson has been allowed by her physicians to fill her engagements at the University conversazione last night, and at the concert a Hamilton, on Tuesday evening next, in aid of the St. Mary's Orphanage of that city. She will be assisted on this occasion by Mr. E. W. Schuch.

•

Miss Marie C. Strong's fine contralto voice has secured a considerable list of concert engagements. On February 4 she sang at Ottawa under the patronage of the Governor-General and Lady Stanley. She sang on last evening at the University conversazione, and will also sing on Tuesday at the annual A. O. U. W. concert. METRONOME.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

One of the greatest social successes of the season was the skating carnival at the Rideau Rink on Monday evening. The skaters, all in costume, numbered some hundreds, the spectators numbered some thousands, the music of the Guards' Band was excellent, and every one was in the best of good humors. Among those in costume were: Miss Lister as Mother Hubbard; Lady Alice Stanley, Cheerupkins; Hon. Isobel Stanley, Cinderella; Miss Oliver of Quebec, Portia; Miss Laura Smith, A Witch; Miss Jessie Gordon, Comin' Thro' the Rye; Miss Mabel Bogert, Laplander, Miss Kingsford, *Un Militaire*; Miss Isabel Mackintosh, Little Red Riding Hood; Miss Taylor, Spanish Lady; Miss Ritchie, Cactus; Miss Grace Ritchie, Camelia; Miss Lollie Wise, Robinson Crusoe; Miss Lay of Washington, Quaker; Miss Fanny Lay, Peasant; Miss Marie Middleton, Monte Carlo; Miss Van Rensselaer of Albany, Student; Miss Pota Watters, Gay Spanker; Miss Ethel White, *Poudre*; Miss Annie Gadon, Priscilla. Among the men were Capt. McMahon, Policeman; Mr. Hughes, Boatman; Mr. E. Grant, Mr. McGinty; Mr. Edward Taylor, Where Did You Get That Hat; Mr. Pugsley, Cow Boy; Mr. Chipman, Scotch Tourist; Mr. Elliott, Prince; Mr. C. Smith, A. Pope, Y. Lewis, B. Bogart, G. Lay, and W. Scott as brother clowns.

The of the two Government House dances was given on Tuesday evening, one comfort was that there was no crush. It is needless to say how everyone enjoyed himself, as this goes without saying at Government House, and especially with such a genial and very popular host and hostess as their present excellencies.

Miss Alice Caron made a perfect hostess at her dance on Wednesday evening. The fact of the dance being given by her and at the Racquet Court is sufficient assurance of its having been an enjoyable one.

The assembly given by the wives of the leaders of the Opposition at the Grand Union Hotel on Saturday evening was very largely attended. Several of the M. P.'s whose voices have heretofore been heard only "oratorically," were heard to great advantage as disciples of St. Cecilia.

The same evening several ladies and gentlemen made up a party and paid a visit to the Capital Sliding Club, where a most enjoyable hour was spent.

Invitations are out for an afternoon tea with dancing at Mrs. G. W. Perley's of Wellington street on Tuesday of next week.

The Vice-Regal Parliamentary Hockey team returned the other day fully satisfied with their trip and greatly charmed by the hospitality extended to them in Toronto.

The usual ministerial and other official dinners, as well as several afternoon At Homes, were given during the week.

HAMILTON.

The At Home held at the Royal Hotel on Friday of last week, under the auspices of the Leander Rowing Club, was largely attended, over two hundred and fifty people being present. The ball-room, dining-room and corridors of the hotel was handsomely decorated and combined with the beauty of the ladies' dresses made an exceedingly pretty sight. The music for the dancing was supplied by the 13th Battalion String Band, and the programme included a number of new and beautiful selections. The menu for the supper was very unique and the refreshments reflected great credit on the skill and enterprise of the caterers. The reputation the members of the Leander Club have attained for gallantry was fully sustained during the evening. The success of their efforts was mainly due to the following officers and committee: Honorary President, Mr. R. A. Lucas; President, Mr. Harold Lambe; First Vice-President, Mr. Geo. E. Bristol; Second Vice-President, Mr. R. Hobson; Third Vice-President, Mr. R. B. Osborne; Captain, Mr. B. P. Dewar; Assistant Captain, Mr. D. M. Cameron; Commodore, Mr. E. E. Kittson; Treasurer, Mr. C. Powis; Secretary, Mr. H. H. Champ; Committee, Messrs. S. C. Mewburn, Geo. E. Martin, C. W. Tinling, W. W. Osborne, R. H. Labatt, W. B. Ferrie, C. Bowman and E. Simpson. The list of guests, which is too long for publication here, included all the best known society people of Hamilton and also many from Toronto, London, St. Catharines, Barrie, Simcoe and other towns.

A delightful afternoon tea was given at the residence of Mrs. Hugh C. Baker of Herkimer street on Tuesday last.

Mrs. T. H. Stinson gave a luncheon to a large number of friends on Thursday last.

A large number of the friends of Mrs. Wm. Hendrie were entertained at luncheon at her residence on Bold street on Friday last.

The following Hamilton ladies and gentlemen attended the Yacht Club ball at Toronto: Miss Annie Hendrie, Miss Emma Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mr. A. Harvey, Mr. B. P. Dewar, Mr. George Gates and Mr. A. Gillespie.

There are a number of visitors from a distance in the city at present. Among others Mr. and Mrs. Muir of Detroit, Mich., the guests of Mrs. Wm. Hendrie; Mr. James of the Sarnia Tunnel, late of London, England; Mr. T. Corson of Woodstock, the guest of Mrs. Frank Mackelcan; Mr. H. Wyatt of the Queen's Own, Toronto, the guest of Mrs. Sydney Mewburn; Mr. Don Armour of Toronto, the guest of Mrs. James Lottridge.

Miss Norah Clench, the violiniste, will be the guest of Mrs. F. W. Fearman for a few days next week. PISCATEL.

•

Bolossy Kiralfy will produce for the first time in this city his new spectacle, The Water Queen, at the Academy of Music on next Monday evening. It is said to be a perfect revelation of beauty and ingenuity. Thoroughly refined and wholly unobjectionable, it comes with the prestige of success at Niblo's, New York. The main features are the ballet, specialties, costumes and the scenery, and all have been highly praised. There is an army of trained dancers. The premiers are Miles. Paris, Nicode and Konrath. Carpezat of Paris, Magnini of Milan, Maedder & Shaeffer and Harley Merry, New York comic artists, painted the elaborate scenery. Three sets are worthy of special mention, the Enchanted Forest, with its animated trees, enchanted birds and uncanny things; the Submarine Stalactite Realms, a dreamlike and imposing effect, and the Four Seasons, the final transformation set, with changes, allegorical pictures and living fountain. A new Amazonian march will be a novel feature. There will be specialties by Senor and Senora Plairas, Spanish gymnasts from the Arena, Madrid, Arnold Kiralfy, grotesque dancer, and Alice Gilbert, a charming long-skirt dancer. Miss Helen Sedgwick, Rose Ridgway, Josseline Rogers, Messrs. Walter Eytinge, Frederic Bock, Jo Holliwell and other capable performers fill the leading dramatic roles. The Water Queen is engaged for three nights and matinee.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Residence 118 Palmerston Avenue.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 128 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

WAGNER—At Toronto, on February 6, Mrs. Charles F. Wagner—of a daughter. Both doing well.

HORNER—At West Toronto Junction, on February 7, Mrs. J. C. Horner—a daughter.

STEEP—At Toronto, on February 8, Mrs. W. R. Steep—a daughter.

FRANKLIN—At Listowel, on February 8, Mrs. Geo. M. Franklin—a son.

RI OUT—At Toronto, on February 8, Mrs. Percival Ridout—a daughter, still-born.

WRIGHT—At Ottawa, on February 7, Mrs. Henry P. Wright—a daughter.

WAUD—At Owen Sound, on February 7, Mrs. E. W. Waud—a daughter.

CAMPBELL—At Toronto, on February 10, Mrs A. C. Campbell—a son.

Marriages.

BRUMWELL—SWALLOW—At Toronto, on February 5, Jacob W. Brumwell to Rachel Ann Swallow.

OMELVENA—BROUGH—At Toronto, on February 8, James Omelvena to Carrie Brough.

ROBERTS—TOZER—At Toronto, on February 10, Samuel R. Roberts to Mrs. Frances Tozer.

WOODMAN—STEVENSON—At Port Hope, on February 10, John Woodman to Sophia L. Stevenson.

THOMPSON — McKINDON—On February 5, James Thompson to Mary Margaret McKinnon.

Deaths.

KING—At township of Innisfil, Ont., on January 28, Eleanor Mary King, aged 31 years.

MILLS—At Toronto, on February 7, William James Mills, aged 59 years.

DELISLE—At Montreal, on February 6, Mrs. Julia Mary Arnoldi Delisle.

HEIGHEN—At Whiteside Cove, North Carolina, on February 4, Henry Heighen, aged 54 years.

WILES—At Toronto, Parkin Wiles, aged 70 years.

NICKSON—At Weston, Bootenstown, Dublin, Mrs. Lyndon Nickson.

BUCKHAM—At Campbell's Cross, Chinguacousy Township, on February 3, James Buckham, aged 60 years.

CORNER—At Brentwood, Ont., on February 8 Mrs. James Corner.

FITTON—At Hillis Leigh, Godalming, England, Jane Fitton.

LEGENDRE—At Toronto, on February 8, Madame Levendre.

KEELER—At Toronto, on February 8, Mrs. Maria Keeler, aged 71 years.

LATHAM—At Toronto, on February 9, Mabel Latham, aged 11 years.

TACKY—At Toronto, on February 9, Mrs. Margaret Orzello Ta sy, aged 75 years.

ALLISON—At Toronto Township, on February 9, Mrs. Thomas Allison, aged 57 years.

BENNETT—At Toronto, on February 9, Margaret Mick'e Bennett, aged 36 years.

HOIDGE—At Toronto, on February 9, Mrs. Joseph J. Hoidge, aged 37 years

COYLE—At Toronto, on February 8, James Coyle, aged 71 years

WARD—At Toronto, on February 8, Alexander Ward, aged 84 years.

COPELAND—At Penetanguishene, on February 9, Geo. Copeland, aged 74 years.

WOOTTEN—At Newmarket, on February 9, Mrs. Eliza Wootten, aged 72 years.

GATES—At Scarboro', on February 9, Nelson Gates, aged 72 years.

PATERSON—At Bowmanville, on February 4, Mrs. Thomas Paterson, aged 72 years.

McCORMACK—At Toronto, on February 11, Mrs. W. J. McCormack, aged 49 years.

JONES—At Lewiston, N. Y., on February 10, Rev. Stuart Jones, aged 41 years.

LEE—At Toronto, on February 9, Sister M. Euphrosyne Lee, aged 32 years.

LAWSON—At Halifax, N. S., on February 5, Mrs. Geo. Lawson.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
74 Gerrard Street East - - - Toronto

HARRY A. COLLINS

House Furnishings

No. 90 Yonge Street

Jan. 23, 1890.

Ladies:

We have mentioned hundreds of things worth your while to see in these advertisements, and yet we have only told you of a fraction of what we have to sell.

When we tell you of our lamps we can only say a word for each one, of three or four particular kinds, and never a word of the hundred patterns and shapes of each variety. You will know that our stock is complete if you just imagine a whole storeful of the prettiest lamps that money and taste could select.

Polished Brass

Is only a name for the material of which the modern bric-a-brac of house furnishings is chiefly made.

It is pretty, has the knack of matching everything or contrasting any colour, wears well, is easily kept clean, and is the showiest, brightest, warmest-looking metal to be had.

Fire Sets, Fenders, Screens, Coal Scuttles, Piano Lamps, Banquet Lamps, Tea Kettles, Crumb Trays, Tea Trays, Bird Cages, Umbrella Stands, Candlesticks, and a score of other articles. All are made in polished brass.

HARRY A. COLLINS

90 Yonge Street

EAST WING NOW OPEN

Special terms to permanent boarders. Superb rooms, single and *en suite*. INSPECTION SOLICITED.

ARLINGTON HOTEL

Cor. King and John Streets, Toronto

DOMINION PIANO

1ST IN TONE
IN TOUCH
IN SWEETNESS
IN DURABILITY

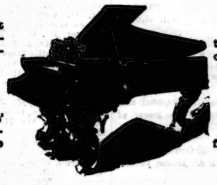
SOLE AGENCY TORONTO TEMPLE OF MUSIC.
J. S. POWLEY & CO.
68 KING ST. WEST.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.



The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano

Illustrated Catalogue free on application

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

JOHN J. TONKIN

THE

FASHIONABLE TAILOR & HATTER

OF TORONTO

The Finest Goods at Lowest Prices

155 Yonge Street, corner Richmond

TORONTO

Telephone 1720

SMITH & SHARPE

DEALERS IN

Photographers' Materials

AND

Amateur Equipments, Etchings and Engravings

FRAMES MADE TO ORDER

159 Bay Street

MEDICAL BUILDING - TORONTO

WANZER LAMPS

Are the popular lamps of the day
No chimney to break
No danger to fear
No oil to waste
With one lamp you obtain a fine 50-candle power light. Heat a quart of water in a few minutes
Get a breakfast or cook a dinner
Call at 98 King Street West and examine them

YOU CANNOT AFFORD

TO BE WITHOUT

HYDROLEINE

"HYDRATED OIL"

IN THE HOUSE.

You Cannot afford to **LOSE** Your Life Through **YOUR** Careless Neglect of a Cold or Cough, the forerunner to Consumption. Your **LIFE** is in danger, take care or it will be too late.

HYDROLEINE

"HYDRATED OIL"

not only cures Colds, Chronic Coughs and all Wasting Diseases, but it builds up the system and puts on good SOLID FLESH. It is Palatable, Tonic, Digestive and Nutritive.

Send 2c stamp for Dr. G. Overend Drewry's valuable treatise to

HAZEN MORSE,
International Bridge, Ont.